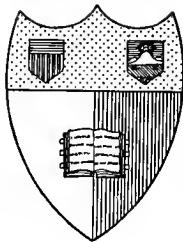


THE
SECRETS OF THE SELF

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

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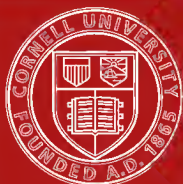
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THE SECRETS OF THE SELF
(ASRÁR-I KHUDÍ)



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THE
SECRETS OF THE SELF
(ASRÁR-I KHUDÍ)

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM

BY

SHEIKH MUHAMMAD IQBAL
OF LAHORE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction	vii
Prologue	1
I. Showing that the system of the universe originates in the Self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends on strengthening the Self	16
II. Showing that the life of the Self comes from forming desires and bringing them to birth	23
III. Showing that the Self is strengthened by Love	28
IV. Showing that the Self is weakened by asking	38
V. Showing that when the Self is strengthened by Love it gains dominion over the outward and inward forces of the universe	43
VI. A tale of which the moral is that negation of the Self is a doctrine invented by the subject races of mankind in order that by this means they may sap and weaken the character of their rulers	48
VII. To the effect that Plato, whose thought has deeply influenced the mysticism and literature of Islam, followed the sheep's	

vi SECRETS OF THE SELF

	PAGE
doctrine, and that we must be on our guard against his theories	56
VIII. Concerning the true nature of poetry and the reform of Islamic literature	60
IX. Showing that the education of the Self has three stages: Obedience, Self-control, and Divine Vicegerency	72
X. Setting forth the inner meanings of the names of Ali	85
XI. Story of a young man of Merv who came to the saint Ali Hujwírí—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies	95
XII. Story of the bird that was faint with thirst	100
XIII. Story of the diamond and the coal	104
XIV. Story of the Sheikh and the Brahmin, followed by a conversation between Ganges and Himalaya to the effect that the continuation of social life depends on firm attachment to the characteristic traditions of the community	108
XV. Showing that the purpose of the Moslem's life is to exalt the Word of Allah, and that the <i>Jihád</i> (war against unbelievers), if it be prompted by land-hunger, is unlawful in the religion of Islam	116
XVI. Precepts written for the Moslems of India by Mír Naját Nakshband, who is generally known as Bábá Sahrá'í	122
XVII. Time is a sword	134
XVIII. An invocation	141

INTRODUCTION

THE *Asrār-i Khudí* was first published at Lahore in 1915. I read it soon afterwards and thought so highly of it that I wrote to Iqbal, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Cambridge some fifteen years ago, asking leave to prepare an English translation. My proposal was cordially accepted, but in the meantime I found other work to do, which caused the translation to be laid aside until last year. Before submitting it to the reader, a few remarks are necessary concerning the poem and its author.¹

¹ The present translation follows the text of the second edition.

Iqbal is an Indian Moslem. During his stay in the West he studied modern philosophy, in which subject he holds degrees from the Universities of Cambridge and Munich. His dissertation on the development of metaphysics in Persia — an illuminating sketch — appeared as a book in 1908. Since then he has developed a philosophy of his own, on which I am able to give some extremely interesting notes communicated by himself. Of this, however, the *Asrār-i Khudī* gives no systematic account, though it puts his ideas in a popular and attractive form. While the Hindu philosophers, in explaining the doctrine of the unity of being, addressed themselves to the head, Iqbal, like the Persian poets who teach the same doctrine, takes a more dangerous course and aims at the heart. He is no mean poet, and his verse can rouse or persuade even if his logic fail to

convince. His message is not for the Mohammedans of India alone, but for Moslems everywhere: accordingly he writes in Persian instead of Hindustani—a happy choice, for amongst educated Moslems there are many familiar with Persian literature, while the Persian language is singularly well adapted to express philosophical ideas in a style at once elevated and charming.

Iqbal comes forward as an apostle, if not to his own age, then to posterity—

“I have no need of the ear of To-day,
I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow”—

and after Persian fashion he invokes the Saki to fill his cup with wine and pour moonbeams into the dark night of his thought,

“That I may lead home the wanderer,
And imbue the idle looker-on with restless
impatience,
And advance hotly on a new quest,
And become known as the champion of a new
spirit.”

x SECRETS OF THE SELF

Let us begin at the end. What is the far-off goal on which his eyes are fixed? The answer to that question will discover his true character, and we shall be less likely to stumble on the way if we see whither we are going. Iqbal has drunk deep of European literature, his philosophy owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson, and his poetry often reminds us of Shelley; yet he thinks and feels as a Moslem, and just for this reason his influence may be great. He is a religious enthusiast, inspired by the vision of a New Mecca, a world-wide, theocratic, Utopian state in which all Moslems, no longer divided by the barriers of race and country, shall be one. He will have nothing to do with nationalism and imperialism. These, he says, "rob us of Paradise": they make us strangers to each other, destroy feelings of brotherhood, and sow the bitter seed of war. He dreams

of a world ruled by religion, not by politics, and condemns Machiavelli, that “worshipper of false gods,” who has blinded so many. It must be observed that when he speaks of religion he always means Islam. Non-Moslems are simply unbelievers, and (in theory, at any rate) the *Jihád* is justifiable, provided that it is waged “for God’s sake alone.” A free and independent Moslem fraternity, having the Ka’ba as its centre and knit together by love of Allah and devotion to the Prophet—such is Iqbal’s ideal. In the *Asrár-i Khudí* and the *Rumúz-i Békhudí* he preaches it with a burning sincerity which we cannot but admire, and at the same time points out how it may be attained. The former poem deals with the life of the individual Moslem, the latter with the life of the Islamic community.

The cry “Back to the Koran ! Back

xii SECRETS OF THE SELF

to Mohammed!" has been heard before, and the responses have hitherto been somewhat discouraging. But on this occasion it is allied with the revolutionary force of Western philosophy, which Iqbal hopes and believes will vitalise the movement and ensure its triumph. He sees that Hindu intellectualism and Islamic pantheism have destroyed the capacity for action, based on scientific observation and interpretation of phenomena, which distinguishes the Western peoples "and especially the English." Now, this capacity depends ultimately on the conviction that *khudî* (selfhood, individuality, personality) is real and is not merely an illusion of the mind. Iqbal, therefore, throws himself with all his might against idealistic philosophers and pseudo-mystical poets, the authors, in his opinion, of the decay prevailing in Islam, and argues that

only by self-affirmation, self-expression, and self-development can the Moslems once more become strong and free. He appeals from the alluring raptures of Hafiz to the moral fervour of Jalál-u'ddín Rúmí, from an Islam sunk in Platonic contemplation to the fresh and vigorous monotheism which inspired Mohammed and brought Islam into existence.¹ Here, perhaps, I should guard against a possible misunderstanding. Iqbal's philosophy is religious, but he does not treat philosophy as the handmaid of religion. Holding that the full development of the individual presupposes a society, he finds the ideal society in what he considers to be the Prophet's conception of Islam. Every Moslem, in striving to make himself a

¹ His criticism of Hafiz called forth angry protests from Súfí circles in which Hafiz is venerated as a master-hierophant. Iqbal made no recantation, but since the passage had served its purpose and was offensive to many, he cancelled it in the second edition of the poem. It is omitted in my translation.

xiv SECRETS OF THE SELF

more perfect individual, is helping to establish the Islamic kingdom of God upon earth.¹

The *Asrár-i Khudí* is composed in the metre and modelled on the style of the famous *Masnaví*. In the prologue Iqbal relates how Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, who is to him almost what Virgil was to Dante, appeared in a vision and bade him arise and sing. Much as he dislikes the type of Súfism exhibited by Hafiz, he pays homage to the pure and profound genius of Jalálu'ddín, though he rejects the doctrine of self-abandonment taught by the great Persian

¹ The principles of Islam, regarded as the ideal society, are set forth in the author's second poem, the *Rumóz-i Békhudí* or "Mysteries of Selflessness." He explains the title by pointing out that the individual who loses himself in the community reflects both the past and the future as in a mirror, so that he transcends mortality and enters into the life of Islam, which is infinite and everlasting. Among the topics discussed are the origin of society, the divine guidance of man through the prophets, the formation of collective life-centres, and the value of History as a factor in maintaining the sense of personal identity in a people.

mystic and does not accompany him in his pantheistic flights.

To European readers the *Asrâr-i Khudî* presents certain obscurities which no translation can entirely remove. These lie partly in the form and would not be felt, as a rule, by any one conversant with Persian poetry. Often, however, the ideas themselves, being associated with peculiarly Oriental ways of thinking, are hard for our minds to follow. I am not sure that I have always grasped the meaning or rendered it correctly; but I hope that such errors are few, thanks to the assistance so kindly given me by my friend Muhammad Shafi, now Professor of Arabic at Lahore, with whom I read the poem and discussed many points of difficulty. Other questions of a more fundamental character have been solved for me by the author himself. At my request he drew up a statement of his philosophical

xvi SECRETS OF THE SELF

views on the problems touched and suggested in the book. I will give it in his own words as nearly as possible. It is not, of course, a complete statement, and was written, as he says, "in a great hurry," but apart from its power and originality it elucidates the poetical argument far better than any explanation that could have been offered by me.

"1. THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF THE *ASRÁRI KHUDÍ*

"That experience should take place in finite centres and should wear the form of finite this-ness is in the end inexplicable.' These are the words of Prof. Bradley. But starting with these inexplicable centres of experience, he ends in a unity which he calls Absolute and in which the finite centres lose their finiteness and distinctness. According to him, therefore, the finite centre is only an appearance. The test

of reality, in his opinion, is all-inclusive-ness ; and since all finiteness is 'infected with relativity,' it follows that the latter is a mere illusion. To my mind, this inexplicable finite centre of experience is the fundamental fact of the universe. All life is individual ; there is no such thing as universal life. God himself is an individual : He is the most unique individual.¹ The universe, as Dr. McTaggart says, is an association of individuals ; but we must add that the orderliness and adjustment which we find in this association is not eternally achieved and complete in itself. It is the result of instinctive or conscious effort. We are gradually travelling from chaos to cosmos and are helpers in this achievement. Nor are the members of the association fixed ; new members are ever coming to birth to

¹ This view was held by the orthodox Imám Ahmad ibn Hanbal in its extreme (anthropomorphic) form.

xviii SECRETS OF THE SELF

co-operate in the great task. Thus the universe is not a completed act: it is still in the course of formation. There can be no complete truth about the universe, for the universe has not yet become 'whole.' The process of creation is still going on, and man too takes his share in it, inasmuch as he helps to bring order into at least a portion of the chaos. The Koran indicates the possibility of other creators than God.¹

✓ "Obviously, this view of man and the universe is opposed to that of the English Neo-Hegelians as well as to all forms of pantheistic Sufism which regard absorption in a universal life or soul as the final aim and salvation of man.² The moral and religious ideal of man is not self-negation but self-affirmation, and he attains to this ideal

¹ Kor. ch. 23, v. 14: "Blessed is God, the best of those who create."

✓ ² Cf. his note on "Islam and Mysticism" (*The New Era*, 1916, p. 250).

by becoming more and more individual, ✓
more and more unique. The Prophet
said, ‘*Takhallaqú bi-akhláq Allah,*’
‘Create in yourselves the attributes of
God.’ Thus man becomes unique by
becoming more and more like the most
unique Individual. What then is life?
It is individual: its highest form, so
far, is the Ego (*Khudí*) in which the
individual becomes a self-contained
exclusive centre. Physically as well
as spiritually man is a self-contained
centre, but he is not yet a complete
individual. The greater his distance
from God, the less his individuality.
He who comes nearest to God is the ✓
completest person. Not that he is
finally absorbed in God. On the
contrary, he absorbs God into himself.¹ ✓

¹ Here Iqbal adds: “Mauláná Rúmi has very beautifully expressed this idea. The Prophet, when a little boy, was once lost in the desert. His nurse Halíma was almost beside herself with grief, but while roaming the desert in search of the boy she heard a voice saying:

xx SECRETS OF THE SELF

The true person not only absorbs the world of matter ; by mastering it he absorbs God Himself into his Ego. Life is a forward assimilative movement. It removes all obstructions in its march by assimilating them. Its essence is the continual creation of desires and ideals, and for the purpose of its preservation and expansion it has invented or developed out of itself certain instruments, *e.g.* senses, intellect, etc., which help it to assimilate obstructions.¹ The greatest obstacle in the way of life is matter, Nature ; yet Nature is not evil, since it enables the inner powers of life to unfold themselves.

‘ Do not grieve, he will not be lost to thee ;
Nay, the whole world will be lost in him.’

The true individual cannot be lost in the world ; it is the world that is lost in him. I go a step further and say, prefixing a new half-verse to a hemistich of Rûmî (Transl. l. 1325) :

In his will that which God wills becomes lost :
‘ How shall a man believe this saying ? ’ ”

¹ Transl. l. 289 foll.

“The Ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determined,¹ and reaches fuller freedom by approaching the Individual who is most free—God. In one word, life is an endeavour ✓ for freedom.

“2. THE EGO AND CONTINUATION OF PERSONALITY

“In man the centre of life becomes an Ego or Person. Personality is a state of tension and can continue only if that state is maintained. If the state of tension is not maintained, relaxation will ensue. Since personality, or the state of tension, is the most valuable achievement of man, he should see that he does not revert to a state of relaxation. That which tends to maintain

¹ According to the Tradition, “The true Faith is between predestination and freewill.”

the state of tension tends to make us immortal. Thus the idea of personality gives us a standard of value: it settles the problem of good and evil. That which fortifies personality is good, that which weakens it is bad. Art,¹ religion, and ethics² must be judged from the standpoint of personality. My criticism of Plato³ is directed against those philosophical systems which hold up death rather than life as their ideal—systems which ignore the greatest obstruction to life, namely, matter, and

¹ Transl. l. 673 foll. In a note on "Our Prophet's criticism of contemporary Arabian poetry" (*The New Era*, 1916, p. 251) Iqbal writes: "The ultimate end of all human activity is Life—glorious, powerful, exuberant. All human art must be subordinated to this final purpose, and the value of everything must be determined in reference to its life-yielding capacity. The highest art is that which awakens our dormant will-force and nerves us to face the trials of life manfully. All that brings drowsiness and makes us shut our eyes to Reality around, on the mastery of which alone Life depends, is a message of decay and death. There should be no opium-eating in Art. The dogma of Art for the sake of Art is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us out of life and power."

² *Ibid.* l. 537 foll.

³ *Ibid.* l. 631 foll.

teach us to run away from it instead of absorbing it.

“As in connexion with the question of the freedom of the Ego we have to face the problem of matter, similarly in connexion with its immortality we have to face the problem of time.¹ Bergson has taught us that time is not an infinite line (in the spatial sense of the word ‘line’) through which we must pass whether we wish it or not. This idea of time is adulterated. Pure time has no length. Personal immortality is an aspiration : you can have it if you make an effort to achieve it. It depends on our adopting in this life modes of thought and activity which tend to maintain the state of tension. Buddhism, Persian Súfism, and allied forms of ethics will not serve our purpose. But they are not wholly useless, because after periods of great activity we need

¹ *Ibid.* l. 1531 foll.

opiates, narcotics, for some time. These forms of thought and action are like nights in the days of life. Thus, if our activity is directed towards the maintenance of a state of tension, the shock of death is not likely to affect it. After death there may be an interval of relaxation, as the Koran speaks of a *barzakh*, or intermediate state, which lasts until the Day of Resurrection.¹ Only those Egos will survive this state of relaxation who have taken good care during the present life. Although life abhors repetition in its evolution, yet on Bergson's principles the resurrection of the body too, as Wildon Carr says, is quite possible. By breaking up time into moments we spatialise it and then find difficulty in getting over it. The true nature of time is reached when we look into our deeper self.² Real time is life itself, which can preserve itself

¹ Kor. ch. 23, v. 102.

² Transl. I, 1549 foll.

by maintaining that particular state of tension (personality) which it has so far achieved. We are subject to time so long as we look upon time as something spatial. Spatialised time is a fetter which life has forged for itself in order to assimilate the present environment. In reality we are timeless, and it is possible to realise our timelessness even in this life. This revelation, however, can be momentary only.

“3. THE EDUCATION OF THE EGO

“The Ego is fortified by love (*‘ishq*).¹ This word is used in a very wide sense and means the desire to assimilate, to absorb. Its highest form is the creation of values and ideals and the endeavour to realise them. Love individualises the lover as well as the beloved. The effort to realise the most unique individuality individualises the seeker

¹ *Ibid.* I. 323 foll.

and implies the individuality of the sought, for nothing else would satisfy the nature of the seeker. As love fortifies the Ego, asking (*su'ál*) weakens it.¹ All that is achieved without personal effort comes under *su'ál*. The son of a rich man who inherits his father's wealth is an 'asker' (beggar); so is every one who thinks the thoughts of others. Thus, in order to fortify the Ego we should cultivate love, *i.e.* the power of assimilative action, and avoid all forms of 'asking,' *i.e.* inaction. The lesson of assimilative action is given by the life of the Prophet, at least to a Mohammedan.

“In another part of the poem² I have hinted at the general principles of Moslem ethics and have tried to reveal their meaning in connexion with the idea of personality. The Ego in its movement towards uniqueness has to pass through three stages :

¹ *Ibid.* l. 435 foll.

² *Ibid.* l. 815 foll.

- (a) Obedience to the Law.
- (b) Self-control, which is the highest form of self-consciousness or Ego-hood.¹
- (c) Divine vicegerency.²

“This (divine vicegerency, *niyábat-i iláhi*) is the third and last stage of human development on earth. The *na’ib* (vicegerent) is the vicegerent of God on earth. He is the completest Ego, the goal of humanity,³ the acme of life both in mind and body; in him the discord of our mental life becomes a harmony. The highest power is united in him with the highest knowledge. In his life, thought and action, instinct and reason, become one. He is the last fruit of the tree of humanity, and all the trials of a painful evolution

¹ *Ibid.* l. 849 foll.

² *Ibid.* l. 893 foll.

³ Man already possesses the germ of vicegerency, as God says in the Koran (ch. 2, v. 28): “Lo, I will appoint a *khalifa* (vicegerent) on the earth.” Cf. Transl. l. 434.

are justified because he is to come at the end. He is the real ruler of mankind; his kingdom is the kingdom of God on earth. Out of the richness of his nature he lavishes the wealth of life on others, and brings them nearer and nearer to himself. The more we advance in evolution, the nearer we get to him. In approaching him we are raising ourselves in the scale of life. The development of humanity both in mind and body is a condition precedent to his birth. For the present he is a mere ideal; but the evolution of humanity is tending towards the production of an ideal race of more or less unique individuals who will become his fitting parents. Thus the Kingdom of God on earth means the democracy of more or less unique individuals, presided over by the most unique individual possible on this earth. Nietzsche had a glimpse of this ideal race, but his atheism and

aristocratic prejudices marred his whole conception.”¹

Every one, I suppose, will acknowledge that the substance of the *Asrār-i Khudī* is striking enough to command attention. In the poem, naturally, this philosophy presents itself under a different aspect. Its audacity of thought and phrase is less apparent, its logical brilliancy dissolves in the glow of feeling and imagination, and it wins the heart before taking possession of the

¹ Writing of “Muslim Democracy” in *The New Era*, 1916, p. 251, Iqbal says: “The Democracy of Europe—overshadowed by socialistic agitation and anarchical fear—originated mainly in the economic regeneration of European societies. Nietzsche, however, abhors this ‘rule of the herd’ and, hopeless of the plebeian, he bases all higher culture on the cultivation and growth of an Aristocracy of Supermen. But is the plebeian so absolutely hopeless? The Democracy of Islam did not grow out of the extension of economic opportunity; it is a spiritual principle based on the assumption that every human being is a centre of latent power, the possibilities of which can be developed by cultivating a certain type of character. Out of the plebeian material Islam has formed men of the noblest type of life and power. Is not, then, the Democracy of early Islam an experimental refutation of the ideas of Nietzsche?”

mind. The artistic quality of the poem is remarkable when we consider that its language is not the author's own. I have done my best to preserve as much of this as a literal prose translation would allow. Many passages of the original are poetry of the kind that, once read, is not easily forgotten, *e.g.* the description of the Ideal Man as a deliverer for whom the world is waiting, and the noble invocation which brings the book to an end. Like Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, Iqbal is fond of introducing fables and apologues to relieve the argument and illustrate his meaning with more force and point than would be possible otherwise.

On its first appearance the *Asrár-i Khudí* took by storm the younger generation of Indian Moslems. "Iqbal," wrote one of them, "has come amongst us as a Messiah and has stirred the dead with life." It remains to be seen in

what direction the awakened ones will march. Will they be satisfied with a glorious but distant vision of the City of God, or will they adapt the new doctrine to other ends than those which its author has in view? Notwithstanding that he explicitly denounces the idea of nationalism, his admirers are already protesting that he does not mean what he says.

How far the influence of his work may ultimately go I will not attempt to prophesy. It has been said of him that "he is a man of his age and a man in advance of his age; he is also a man in disagreement with his age." We cannot regard his ideas as typical of any section of his co-religionists. They involve a radical change in the Moslem mind, and their real importance is not to be measured by the fact that such a change is unlikely to occur within a calculable time.

PROLOGUE

WHEN the world-illuming sun rushed
upon Night like a brigand,

My weeping bedewed the face of the
rose.

My tears washed away sleep from the
eye of the narcissus,

My passion wakened the grass and
made it grow.

The Gardener taught me to sing with
power,

5

He sowed a verse and reaped a sword.

In the soil he planted only the seed of
my tears

And wove my lament with the garden,
as warp and woof.

2 SECRETS OF THE SELF

'Tho' I am but a mote, the radiant sun
is mine :

10 Within my bosom are a hundred dawns.
My dust is brighter than Jamshíd's cup,¹
It knows things that are yet unborn in
the world.

My thought hunted down and slung
from the saddle a deer

That has not yet leaped forth from the
covert of non-existence.

Fair is my garden ere yet the leaves
are green :

15 Full-blown roses are hidden in the skirt
of my garment.

I struck dumb the musicians where
they were gathered together,

I smote the heartstrings of all that
heard me,

Because the lute of my genius hath a
rare melody :

20 Even to comrades my song is strange.

¹ Jamshíd, one of the mythical Persian kings, is said to have possessed a marvellous cup in which the whole world was displayed to him.

Jāam-
a - Jamshíd
سید (ب)

SECRETS OF THE SELF 3

I am born in the world as a new sun,
I have not learned the ways and fashions
of the sky :

Not yet have the stars fled before my
splendour,

Not yet is my quicksilver astir ;

Untouched is the sea by my dancing
rays, 25

Untouched are the mountains by my
crimson hue.

The eye of existence is not familiar
with me ;

I rise trembling, afraid to show myself.
From the East my dawn arrived and
routed Night,

A fresh dew settled on the rose of the
world. 30

I am waiting for the votaries that rise
at dawn :

Oh, happy they who shall worship my
fire !

I have no need of the ear of To-day,
I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow.

4 SECRETS OF THE SELF

My own age does not understand my
35 deep meanings,

My Joseph is not for this market.

I despair of my old companions,

My Sinai burns for sake of the Moses
who is coming.

Their sea is silent, like dew,

But my dew is storm-ridden, like the
40 ocean.

My song is of another world than theirs:
This bell calls other travellers to take
the road.

How many a poet after his death

Opened our eyes when his own were
closed,

And journeyed forth again from
45 nothingness

When roses blossomed o'er the earth of
his grave!

Albeit caravans have passed through
this desert,

They passed, as a camel steps, with
little sound.

SECRETS OF THE SELF 5

But I am a lover : loud crying is my
faith :

The clamour of Judgement Day is one
of my minions. 50

My song exceeds the range of the chord,
Yet I do not fear that my lute will
break.

'Twere better for the waterdrop not to
know my torrent,

Whose fury should rather madden the
sea.

No river will contain my Omán :¹ 55

My flood requires whole seas to hold it.
Unless the bud expand into a bed of
roses,

It is unworthy of my spring - cloud's
bounty.

Lightnings slumber within my soul,
I sweep over mountain and plain. 60

Wrestle with my sea, if thou art a
plain ;

¹ The Sea of Omán is a name given by the Arabs to the Persian Gulf.

6 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Receive my lightning, if thou art a
Sinai.

The Fountain of Life hath been given
me to drink,

I have been made an adept of the
mystery of Life.

65 The speck of dust was vitalised by my
burning song :

It unfolded wings and became a firefly.
No one hath told the secret which I
will tell

Or threaded a pearl of thought like
mine.

Come, if thou would'st know the secret
of everlasting life !

70 Come, if thou would'st win both earth
and heaven !

The old Guru of the Sky taught me
this lore,

I cannot hide it from my comrades.

O Saki ! arise and pour wine into the
cup,

SECRETS OF THE SELF 7

Clear the vexation of Time from my
heart!

The sparkling liquor that flows from
Zemzem—¹ 75

Were it a beggar, a king would pay
homage to it.

It makes thought more sober and wise,
It makes the keen eye keener,
It gives to a straw the weight of a
mountain,

And to foxes the strength of lions. 80

It causes dust to soar to the Pleiades
And a drop of water swell to the
breadth of the sea.

It turns silence into the din of Judge-
ment Day,

It makes the foot of the partridge red
with blood of the hawk.

Arise and pour pure wine into my
cup, 85

Pour moonbeams into the dark night
of my thought,

¹ The holy well at Mecca.

8 SECRETS OF THE SELF

That I may lead home the wanderer
And imbue the idle looker-on with rest-
less impatience ;

And advance hotly on a new quest
And become known as the champion of
90 a new spirit ;

And be to people of insight as the
pupil to the eye,

And sink into the ear of the world, like
a voice ;

And exalt the worth of Poesy

And sprinkle the dry herbs with my
tears.

Inspired by the genius of the Master
95 of Rúm,¹

I rehearse the sealed book of secret
lore.

His soul is the source of the flames,

I am but as the spark that gleams for a
moment.

¹ Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, the greatest mystical poet of Persia (A.D. 1207-1273). Most of his life was passed at Iconium in Galatia, for which reason he is generally known as "Rúmí," *i.e.* "the Anatolian."

SECRETS OF THE SELF 9

His burning candle consumed me, the
moth ;

His wine overwhelmed my goblet. 100

The Master of Rúm transmuted my
earth to gold

And clothed my barren dust with
beauty.

The grain of sand set forth from the
desert,

That it might win the radiance of the sun.

I am a wave and I will come to rest in
his sea, 105

That I may make the glistening pearl
mine own.

I who am drunken with the wine of his
song

Will draw life from the breath of his
words.

'Twas night: my heart would fain
lament,

The silence was filled with my cries to
God. 110

10 SECRETS OF THE SELF

I was complaining of the sorrows of
the world

And bewailing the emptiness of my cup.

At last mine eye could endure no more,

Broken with fatigue it went to sleep.

There appeared the Master, formed in

115 the mould of Truth,

Who wrote the Koran of Persia.¹

He said, "O frenzied lover,

Take a draught of love's pure wine.

Strike the chords of thine heart and

rouse a tumultuous strain,

Dash thine head against the cupping-

glass and thine eye against the

120 lancet!

Make thy laughter the source of a

hundred sighs,

Make the hearts of men bleed with thy

tears!

How long wilt thou be silent, like a bud?

Sell thy fragrance cheap, like the rose!

¹ This refers to the famous *Masnavi* of Jalálu'ddín Rûmî.

SECRETS OF THE SELF 11

Tongue-tied, thou art in pain : 125
Cast thyself upon the fire, like rue!¹
Like the bell, break silence at last, and
 from every limb
Utter forth a lamentation !
Thou art fire : fill the world with thy
 glow !
Make others burn with thy burning! 130
Proclaim the secrets of the old wine-
 seller ;²
Be thou a surge of wine, and the crystal
 cup thy robe !
Shatter the mirror of fear,
Break the bottles in the bazaar !
Like the reed-flute, bring a message
 from the reeds ; 135
Give to Majnún a message from Lailá !³
Create a new style for thy song,
Enrich the feast with thy piercing
 strains !

¹ Rue - seed, which is burned for the purpose of fumigation, crackles in the fire.

² " Wine " signifies the mysteries of divine love.

³ Majnún is the Orlando Furioso of Arabia.

12 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Up, and re-inspire every living soul !
Say ‘ Arise ! ’ and by that word
140 quicken the living !

Up, and set thy feet on another path ;
Put aside the passionate melancholy of
 old !

Become familiar with the delight of
 singing ;

O bell of the caravan, awake ! ”

At these words my bosom was en-
145 kindled

And swelled with emotion like the
 flute ;

I rose like music from the string

To prepare a Paradise for the ear.

I unveiled the mystery of the Self

150 And disclosed its wondrous secret.

My being was as an unfinished statue,
Uncomely, worthless, good for nothing.
Love chiselled me : I became a man
And gained knowledge of the nature of
 the universe.

SECRETS OF THE SELF 13

I have seen the movement of the
sinews of the sky, 155

And the blood coursing in the veins of
the moon.

Many a night I wept for Man's sake
That I might tear the veil from Life's
mysteries,

And extract the secret of Life's con-
stitution

From the laboratory of phenomena. 160

I who give beauty to this night, like
the moon,

Am as dust in devotion to the pure
Faith (Islam)—

A Faith renowned in hill and dale,
Which kindles in men's hearts a flame
of undying song :

It sowed an atom and reaped a sun, 165

It harvested a hundred poets like Rûmî
and Attâr.

I am a sigh : I will mount to the
heavens ;

I am a breath, yet am I sprung of fire.

14 SECRETS OF THE SELF

Driven onward by high thoughts, my pen

170 Cast abroad the secret of this veil,
That the drop may become co-equal
with the sea

And the grain of sand grow into a
Sahara.

Poetising is not the aim of this *masnaví*,
Beauty-worshipping and love-making
is not its aim.

I am of India : Persian is not my native
175 tongue ;

I am like the crescent moon : my cup
is not full.

Do not seek from me charm of style
in exposition,

Do not seek from me Khánsár and
Isfahan.¹

Although the language of Hind is
sweet as sugar,

Yet sweeter is the fashion of Persian
180 speech.

¹ Khánsár, which lies about a hundred miles north-west of Isfahan, was the birth-place of several Persian poets.

SECRETS OF THE SELF 15

My mind was enchanted by its loveliness,
My pen became as a twig of the Burning
 Bush.

Because of the loftiness of my thoughts,
Persian alone is suitable to them.

O Reader, do not find fault with the
 wine-cup, 185
But consider attentively the taste of
 the wine.

I

Showing that the system of the universe originates in the Self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends on strengthening the Self.

THE form of existence is an effect of
the Self,

Whatsoever thou seest is a secret of
the Self.

When the Self awoke to consciousness,
190 It revealed the universe of Thought.

A hundred worlds are hidden in its
essence :

Self-affirmation brings Not-self to light.
By the Self the seed of hostility is sown
in the world :

It imagines itself to be other than
itself.

1 SECRETS OF THE SELF 17

It makes from itself the forms of
others 195

In order to multiply the pleasure of
strife.

It is slaying by the strength of its
arm

That it may become conscious of its
own strength.

Its self-deceptions are the essence of
Life ;

Like the rose, it lives by bathing itself
in blood. 200

For the sake of a single rose it destroys
a hundred rose-gardens

And makes a hundred lamentations in
quest of a single melody.

For one sky it produces a hundred new
moons,

And for one word a hundred discourses.

The excuse for this wastefulness and
cruelty 205

Is the shaping and perfecting of spiritual
beauty.

The loveliness of Shírín justifies the
anguish of Farhád,¹

The fragrant navel justifies a hundred
musk-deer.

'Tis the fate of moths to consume in
flame :

210 The suffering of moths is justified by
the candle.

The pencil of the Self limned a hundred
to-days

In order to achieve the dawn of a single
morrow.

Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams²
That the lamp of one Mohammed
might be lighted.

215 Subject, object, means, and causes—
They all exist for the purpose of
action.

¹ Shírín was loved by the Persian emperor Khusrau Parwíz. Farhád fell in love with her and cast himself down a precipice on hearing a false rumour of her death.

² Abraham is said to have been cast on a burning pile by order of Nimrod and miraculously preserved from harm.

I SECRETS OF THE SELF 19

The Self rises, kindles, falls, glows,
breathes,

Burns, shines, walks, and flies.

The spaciousness of Time is its arena,
Heaven is a billow of the dust on its
road.

220

From its rose - planting the world
abounds in roses ;

Night is born of its sleep, day springs
from its waking.

It divided its flame into sparks
And taught the understanding to
worship particulars.

It dissolved itself and created the atoms, 225
It was scattered for a little while and
created the sands.

Then it wearied of dispersion
And by re-uniting itself it became the
mountains.

'Tis the nature of the Self to manifest
itself :

In every atom slumbers the might of
the Self.

230

Power that is unexpressed and inert
 Chains the faculties which lead to
 action.

Inasmuch as the life of the universe
 comes from the strength of the
 Self,

Life is in proportion to this strength.

When a drop of water gets the Self's
 235 lesson by heart,

It makes its worthless existence a pearl.

Wine is formless because its self is
 weak ;

It receives a form by favour of the cup.

Although the cup of wine assumes a
 form,

240 It is indebted to us for its motion.

When the mountain loses its self, it
 turns into sands

And complains that the sea surges over
 it ;

But the wave, so long as it remains a
 wave in the sea's bosom,

Makes itself a rider on the sea's back.

Light has been a beggar since the eye
first rolled 245

And moved to and fro in search of
beauty ;

But forasmuch as the grass found a
means of growth in its self,

Its aspiration clove the breast of the
garden.

The candle too concatenated itself
And built itself out of atoms ; 250

Then it made a practice of melting
itself away and fled from its self

Until at last it trickled down from its
own eye, like tears.

If the bezel had been more self-secure
by nature,

It would not have suffered wounds,

But since it derives its value from the
superscription, 255

Its shoulder is galled by the burden of
another's name.

Because the earth is firmly based on
self-existence,

22 SECRETS OF THE SELF 1

The captive moon goes round it perpetually.

The being of the sun is stronger than that of the earth :

Therefore is the earth bewitched by the
260 sun's eye.

The glory of the plane fixes our gaze,
The mountains are enriched by its
majesty :

Its raiment is woven of fire,

Its origin is one self-assertive seed.

When Life gathers strength from the
265 Self,

The river of Life expands into an
ocean.

II

*Showing that the life of the Self
comes from forming desires and bringing
them to birth.*

LIFE is preserved by purpose :
Because of the goal its caravan-bell
tinkles.

Life is latent in seeking,
Its origin is hidden in desire. 270

Keep desire alive in thy heart,
Lest thy little dust become a tomb.
Desire is the soul of this world of hue
and scent,

The nature of every thing is faithful to
desire.

Desire sets the heart dancing in the
breast, 275

24 SECRETS OF THE SELF II

And by its glow the breast is made
bright as a mirror.

It gives to earth the power of soaring,
It is a Khizr to the Moses of per-
ception.¹

From the flame of desire the heart
takes life,

And when it takes life, all dies that is
280 not true.

When it refrains from forming wishes,
Its pinion breaks and it cannot soar.

Desire is an emotion of the Self :
It is a restless wave of the Self's sea.

285 Desire is a noose for hunting ideals,
A binder of the book of deeds.

Negation of desire is death to the living,
Even as absence of burning extinguishes
the flame.

What is the source of our wakeful eye?
Our delight in seeing hath taken visible
290 shape.

¹ Cf. Koran, ch. 18, vv. 64-80. Khizr represents the mystic seer whose actions are misjudged by persons of less insight.

The partridge's leg is derived from the
elegance of its gait,

The nightingale's beak from its en-
deavour to sing.

Away from the reed-bed, the reed
became happy :

The music was released from its
prison.¹

Why does the mind strive after new
discoveries and scale the heavens ? 295

Knowest thou what works this miracle?

'Tis desire that enriches Life,

And the intellect is a child of its
womb.

What are social organisation, customs,
and laws ?

What is the secret of the novelties of 300
science ?

A desire which broke through by its
own strength

And burst forth from the heart and
took shape.

¹ *I.e.* the reed was made into a flute.

Nose, hand, brain, eye, and ear,
Thought, imagination, feeling, memory,
and understanding—

All these are weapons devised for self-
305 preservation

By him that rides into the battle of
Life.

The object of science and art is not
knowledge,

The object of the garden is not the bud
and the flower.

Science is an instrument for the preser-
vation of Life,

Science is a means of establishing the
310 Self.

Science and art are servants of Life,
Slaves born and bred in its house.

Rise, O thou who art strange to Life's
mystery,

Rise intoxicated with the wine of an
ideal!

If thou art an ideal, thou wilt shine as
315 the dawn

And be to all else as a blazing fire.
If thou art an ideal, thou art higher
than Heaven—

Winning, captivating, enchanting men's
hearts ;

A destroyer of ancient falsehood,
Fraught with turmoil, an embodiment
of the Last Day.

320

We live by forming ideals,
We glow with the sunbeams of desire !

III

*Showing that the Self is strengthened
by Love.¹*

THE luminous point whose name is the
Self
Is the life-spark beneath our dust.
325 By Love it is made more lasting,
More living, more burning, more
glowing.
From Love proceeds the radiance of
its being
And the development of its unknown
possibilities.
Its nature gathers fire from Love,
330 Love instructs it to illumine the world.

¹ For the sense which Iqbal attaches to the word
“love,” see the Introduction, p. xxv.

Love fears neither sword nor dagger,
 Love is not born of water and air and
 earth.

Love makes peace and war in the
 world,

The Fountain of Life is Love's flashing
 sword.

The hardest rocks are shivered by
 Love's glance : 335

Love of God at last becomes wholly
 God.

Learn thou to love, and seek to be
 loved :

Seek an eye like Noah's, a heart like
 Job's!

Transmute thy handful of earth into
 gold,

Kiss the threshold of a Perfect Man!¹ 340

Like Rúmí, light thy candle

And burn Rúm in the fire of Tabríz!²

¹ A prophet or saint.

² See note on l. 95. Tabríz is an allusion to Shams-i Tabríz, the spiritual director of Jalálu'ddin Rúmí.

There is a beloved hidden within thine
heart :

I will show him to thee, if thou hast
eyes to see.

345 His lovers are fairer than the fair,
Sweeter and comelier and more beloved.
By love of him the heart is made strong
And earth rubs shoulders with the
Pleiades.

The soil of Najd was quickened by his
grace

350 And fell into a rapture and rose to
the skies.¹

In the Moslem's heart is the home of
Mohammed,

All our glory is from the name of
Mohammed.

Sinai is but an eddy of the dust of his
house,

The sanctuary of the Ka'ba is his
dwelling-place.

¹ Najd, the Highlands of Arabia, is celebrated in love-romance. I need only mention Lailá and Majnún.

Eternity is less than a moment of his
time, 355

Eternity receives increase from his
essence.

He slept on a mat of rushes,
But the crown of Chosroes was under
his people's feet.

He chose the nightly solitude of
Mount Hirá,

And he founded a state and laws and
government. 360

He passed many a night with sleepless
eyes

In order that the Moslems might sleep
on the throne of Persia.

In the hour of battle, iron was melted
by his sword ;

In the hour of prayer, tears fell like
rain from his eye.

When he was called to aid, his sword
answered " Amen " 365

And extirpated the race of kings.

He instituted new laws in the world,

He brought the empires of antiquity
to an end.

With the key of religion he opened the
door of this world :

The womb of the world never bore his
370 like.

In his sight high and low were one,

He sat with his slave at one table.

The daughter of the chieftain of Tai
was taken prisoner in battle¹

And brought into that exalted presence ;

375 Her feet in chains, unveiled,

And her neck bowed with shame.

When the Prophet saw that the poor
girl had no veil,

He covered her face with his own
veil.

We are more naked than that lady of
Tai,

380 We are unveiled before the nations of
the world.

¹ Her father, Hátim of Tai, is proverbial in the East
for his hospitality.

In him is our trust on the Day of
Judgement,

And in this world too he is our
protector.

Both his favour and his wrath are
entirely a mercy :

That is a mercy to his friends and this
to his foes.

He opened the gates of mercy to his
enemies,

385

He gave to Mecca the message, "No
blame shall be laid upon you."

We who know not the bonds of
country

Resemble sight, which is one though it
be the light of two eyes.

We belong to the Hijáz and China
and Persia,

Yet we are the dew of one smiling
dawn.

390

We are all under the spell of the eye
of the cupbearer from Mecca,

We are united as wine and cup.

He burnt clean away distinctions of
lineage,

His fire consumed this trash and rubble.

We are like a rose with many petals
395 but with one perfume :

He is the soul of this society, and he
is one.

We were the secret concealed in his
heart :

He spake out fearlessly, and we were
revealed.

The song of love for him fills my silent reed,

400 A hundred notes throb in my bosom.

How shall I tell what devotion he
inspires ?

A block of dry wood wept at parting
from him.¹

The Moslem's being is where he
manifests his glory :

Many a Sinai springs from the dust on
his path.

¹ The story of the pulpit that wept when Mohammed descended from it occurs, I think, in the *Masnavi*.

My image was created by his mirror, 405
 My dawn rises from the sun of his
 breast.

My repose is a perpetual fever,
 My evening hotter than the morning
 of Judgement Day :¹

He is the April cloud and I his garden,
 My vine is bedewed with his rain. 410

I sowed mine eye in the field of Love
 And reaped a harvest of delight.

“The soil of Medina is sweeter than
 both worlds :

Oh, happy the town where dwells the
 Beloved !”²

I am lost in admiration of the style of
 Mullá Jámí : 415

His verse and prose are a remedy for
 my immaturity.

He has written poetry overflowing with
 beautiful ideas

¹ When, according to Mohammedan belief, the sun will rise in the west.

² A quotation from the *Masnáví*. The Prophet was buried at Medina.

And has threaded pearls in praise of
the Master—

“Mohammed is the preface to the
book of the universe :

All the world are slaves and he is the
420 Master.”

From the wine of Love spring many
qualities :

Amongst the attributes of Love is
blind devotion.

The saint of Bistám, who in devotion
was unique,

Abstained from eating a water-melon.¹

Be a lover constant in devotion to thy
425 beloved,

That thou mayst cast thy noose and
capture God.

Sojourn for a while on the Hirá of the
heart,²

¹ Báyazíd of Bistám died in A.D. 875. He refused to eat a water-melon, saying he had no assurance that the Prophet had ever tasted that fruit.

² Mohammed used to retire to a cave on Mount Hirá, near Mecca, for the purpose of solitary meditation and other ascetic observances.

Abandon self and flee to God.

Strengthened by God, return to thy
self

And break the heads of the Lát and
Uzzá of sensuality.¹

430

By the might of Love evoke an army,
Reveal thyself on the Fárán of Love,²
That the Lord of the Ka'ba may show
thee favour

And interpret to thee the text, "Lo, I
will appoint a vicegerent on the
earth."³

¹ Lát and Uzzá were goddesses worshipped by the heathen Arabs.

² Fárán, name of a mountain in the neighbourhood of Mecca.

³ Koran, ch. 2, v. 28. In these words, which were addressed to the angels, God foretold the creation of Adam.

IV

Showing that the Self is weakened by asking.

O THOU who hast gathered taxes from
435 lions,
Thy need hath caused thee to become
a fox in disposition.
Thy maladies are the result of indi-
gence :
This disease is the source of thy pain.
It is robbing thine high thoughts of
their dignity
And putting out the light of thy noble
440 imagination.
Quaff rosy wine from the jar of exist-
ence !

Snatch thy money from the purse of
Time!

Like Omar, come down from thy
camel!¹

Beware of incurring obligations, beware!

How long wilt thou sue for office 445

And ride like children on a woman's
back?

A nature that fixes its gaze on the
sky

Becomes debased by receiving benefits.

By asking, poverty is made more ab-
ject;

By begging, the beggar is made poorer. 450

Asking disintegrates the Self

And deprives of illumination the Sinai-
bush of the Self.

Do not scatter thy handful of dust;

Like the moon, scrape food from thine
own side!

Albeit thou art poor and wretched 455

¹ The Caliph Omar was a man of simple habits and self-reliant character.

And overwhelmed by affliction,
 Seek not thy daily bread from the
 bounty of another,

Seek not waves of water from the
 fountain of the sun,

Lest thou be put to shame before the
 Prophet

On the Day when every soul shall be
 460 stricken with fear.

The moon gets sustenance from the
 table of the sun

And bears the brand of his bounty on
 her heart.

Pray God for courage! Wrestle with
 Fortune!

Do not sully the honour of the pure
 religion!

He who swept the rubbish of idols out
 465 of the Ka'ba

Said that God loves a man that earns
 his living.

Woe to him that accepts bounty from
 another's table

And lets his neck be bent with
benefits!

He hath consumed himself with the
lightning of the favours bestowed
on him,

He hath sold his honour for a paltry
coin.

470

Happy the man who thirsting in the sun
Does not crave of Khizr a cup of
water!¹

His brow is not moist with the shame
of beggary;

He is a man still, not a piece of clay.

That noble youth walks under heaven

475

With his head erect like the pine.

Are his hands empty? The more is he
master of himself.

Do his fortunes languish? The more
alert is he.

The beggar's wallet is like a boat tossing
in waves of fire;

¹ Khizr is supposed to have drunk of the Fountain
of Life.

Sweet is a little dew gathered by
480 one's own hand.

Be a man of honour, and like the
 bubble

Keep thy cup inverted even in the
 midst of the sea!¹

¹ The bubble is compared to an inverted cup, which
of course receives nothing.

V

Showing that when the Self is strengthened by Love it gains dominion over the outward and inward forces of the universe.

WHEN the Self is made strong by Love
Its power rules the whole world.

The Heavenly Sage who adorned the
sky with stars 485

Plucked these buds from the bough of
the Self.

Its hand becomes God's hand,

The moon is split by its fingers.

It is the arbitrator in all the quarrels of
the world,

Its command is obeyed by Darius and
Jamshíd. 490

I will tell thee a story of Bú Ali,¹
 Whose name is renowned in India,
 Him who sang of the ancient rose-
 garden
 And discoursed to us about the lovely
 rose :

495 The air of his fluttering skirt
 Made a Paradise of this fire-born
 country.

His young disciple went one day to
 the bazaar—

The wine of Bú Ali's discourse had
 turned his head.

The governor of the city was coming
 along on horseback,

500 His servant and staff-bearer rode beside
 him.

The forerunner shouted, "O senseless
 one,

Do not get in the way of the governor's
 escort!"

¹ Sheikh Sharafu'ddín of Pánípat, who is better known as Bú Ali Qalandar, was a great saint. He died about A. D. 1325.

But the dervish walked on with droop-
 ing head,
 Sunk in the sea of his own thoughts.
 The staff-bearer, drunken with pride, 505
 Broke his staff on the head of the
 dervish,
 Who stepped painfully out of the
 governor's way,
 Sad and sorry, with a heavy heart.
 He came to Bú Ali and complained
 And released the tears from his eyes. 510
 Like lightning that falls on mountains,
 The Sheikh poured forth a fiery torrent
 of speech.
 He let loose from his soul a strange
 fire,
 He gave an order to his secretary :
 "Take thy pen and write a letter 515
 From a dervish to a sultan !
 Say, 'Thy governor has broken my
 servant's head ;
 He has cast burning coals on his own
 life.

Arrest this wicked governor,
 Or else I will bestow thy kingdom on
 520 another.'”

The letter of the saint who had access
 to God

Caused the monarch to tremble in
 every limb.

His body was filled with aches,

He grew as pale as the evening sun.

He sought out a handcuff for the
 525 governor

And entreated Bú Ali to pardon this
 offence.

Khusrau, the sweet-voiced eloquent
 poet,¹

Whose harmonies flow from the creative
 mind

And whose genius hath the soft brilliance
 of moonlight,

Was chosen to be the king's
 530 ambassador.

¹ Amír Khusrau of Delhi, the most celebrated of the
 Persian poets of India.

When he entered Bú Ali's presence
and played his lute,

His song melted the fakir's soul like
glass.

One strain of poesy bought the grace
Of a majesty that was firm as a
mountain.

Do not wound the hearts of dervishes, 535

Do not throw thyself into burning fire !

VI

A tale of which the moral is that negation of the Self is a doctrine invented by the subject races of mankind in order that by this means they may sap and weaken the character of their rulers.

HAST thou heard that in the time of
old

The sheep dwelling in a certain pasture
So increased and multiplied .

540 That they feared no enemy ?

At last, from the malice of Fate,
Their breasts were smitten by a shaft
of calamity.

The tigers sprang forth from the jungle
And rushed upon the sheepfold.

Conquest and dominion are signs of
strength, 545

Victory is the manifestation of strength.
Those fierce tigers beat the drum of
sovereignty,

They deprived the sheep of freedom.
Forasmuch as tigers must have their
prey,

That meadow was crimsoned with the
blood of the sheep. 550

One of the sheep which was clever and
acute,

Old in years, cunning as a weather-
beaten wolf,

Being grieved at the fate of his fellows
And sorely vexed by the violence of
the tigers,

Made complaint of the course of
Destiny 555

And sought by craft to restore his
fortunes.

The weak man, in order to preserve
himself,

Seeks devices from skilled intelligence.
 In slavery, for the sake of repelling
 harm,

The power of scheming becomes
 560 quickened,

And when the madness of revenge
 gains hold,

The mind of the slave meditates re-
 bellion.

“Ours is a hard knot,” said this sheep
 to himself,

“The ocean of our griefs hath no shore.
 By force we sheep cannot escape from
 565 the tiger :

Our legs are silver, his paws are steel.

’Tis not possible, however much one
 exhorts and counsels,

To create in a sheep the disposition of
 a wolf.

But to make the furious tiger a sheep
 —that is possible ;

To make him unmindful of his nature
 570 —that is possible.”

He became as a prophet inspired,
 And began to preach to the blood-
 thirsty tigers.

He cried out, "O ye insolent liars,
 Who wot not of a day of ill luck that
 shall continue for ever!"¹

I am possessed of spiritual power, 575
 I am an apostle sent by God for the
 tigers.

I come as a light for the eye that is
 dark,

I come to establish laws and give com-
 mandments.

Repent of your blameworthy deeds!
 O plotters of evil, bethink yourselves
 of good! 580

Whoso is violent and strong is miser-
 able:

Life's solidity depends on self-denial.
 The spirit of the righteous is fed by
 fodder:

The vegetarian is pleasing unto God.

¹ These expressions are borrowed from the Koran.

The sharpness of your teeth brings dis-
 585 grace upon you
 And makes the eye of your perception
 blind.

Paradise is for the weak alone,
 Strength is but a means to perdition.
 It is wicked to seek greatness and
 glory,

590 Penury is sweeter than princedom.
 Lightning does not threaten the corn-
 seed :

If the seed become a stack, it is
 unwise.

If you are sensible, you will be a mote
 of sand, not a Sahara,

So that you may enjoy the sunbeams.

O thou that delightest in the slaughter
 595 of sheep,

Slay thy self, and thou wilt have
 honour !

Life is rendered unstable

By violence, oppression, revenge, and
 exercise of power.

Though trodden underfoot, the grass
grows up time after time

And washes the sleep of death from its
eye again and again. 600

Forget thy self, if thou art wise !

If thou dost not forget thy self, thou
art mad.

Close thine eyes, close thine ears, close
thy lips,¹

That thy thought may reach the lofty
sky !

This pasturage of the world is naught,
naught : 605

O fool, do not torment thyself for a
phantom !”

The tiger-tribe was exhausted by hard
struggles,

They had set their hearts on enjoyment
of luxury.

This soporific advice pleased them,

In their stupidity they swallowed the
charm of the sheep. 610

¹ Quoted from the *Masnavi*.

He that used to make sheep his
prey

Now embraced a sheep's religion.

The tigers took kindly to a diet of
fodder :

At length their tigerish nature was
broken.

615 The fodder blunted their teeth

And put out the awful flashings of
their eyes.

By degrees courage ebbed from their
breasts,

The sheen departed from the mirror.

That frenzy of uttermost exertion re-
mained not,

That craving after action dwelt in their
620 hearts no more.

They lost the power of ruling and the
resolution to be independent,

They lost reputation, prestige, and
fortune.

Their paws that were as iron became
strengthless ;

Their souls died and their bodies
became tombs.

Bodily strength diminished while
spiritual fear increased : 625

Spiritual fear robbed them of courage.

Lack of courage produced a hundred
diseases—

Poverty, pusillanimity, lowmindedness.

The wakeful tiger was lulled to slumber
by the sheep's charm :

He called his decline Moral Culture. 630

VII

To the effect that Plato, whose thought has deeply influenced the mysticism and literature of Islam, followed the sheep's doctrine, and that we must be on our guard against his theories.¹

PLATO, the prime ascetic and sage,
Was one of that ancient flock of sheep.

¹ The direct influence of Platonism on Moslem thought has been comparatively slight. When the Moslems began to study Greek philosophy, they turned to Aristotle. The genuine writings of Aristotle, however, were not accessible to them. They studied translations of books passing under his name, which were the work of Neoplatonists, so that what they believed to be Aristotelian doctrine was in fact the philosophy of Plotinus, Proclus, and the later Neoplatonic school. Indirectly, therefore, Plato has profoundly influenced the intellectual and spiritual development of Islam and may be called, if not the father of Mohammedan mysticism, at any rate its presiding genius.

His Pegasus went astray in the dark-
ness of philosophy
And galloped over the mountains of
Being.

He was so fascinated by the Ideal 635
That he made head, eye, and ear of no
account.

“To die,” said he, “is the secret of
Life :

The candle is glorified by being put
out.”

He dominates our thinking,
His cup sends us to sleep and takes the
world away from us. 640

He is a sheep in man's clothing,
The soul of the Súfí bows to his
authority.

He soared with his intellect to the
highest heaven,
He called the world of phenomena a
myth.

’Twas his work to dissolve the structure
of Life 645

And cut the bough of Life's fair tree
asunder.

The thought of Plato regarded loss as
profit,

His philosophy declared that being is
not-being.

His nature drowsed and created a
dream,

650 His mind's eye created a mirage.

Since he was without any taste for
action,

His soul was enraptured by the non-
existent.

He disbelieved in the material universe
And became the creator of invisible
Ideas.

655 Sweet is the world of phenomena to
the living spirit,

Dear is the world of Ideas to the dead
spirit :

Its gazelles have no grace of movement,
Its partridges are denied the pleasure of
walking daintily.

Its dewdrops are unable to quiver,
 Its birds have no breath in their breasts, 660
 Its seed does not desire to grow,
 Its moths do not know how to flutter.
 Our philosopher had no remedy but
 flight :

He could not endure the noise of this
 world.

He set his heart on the glow of a
 quenched flame 665

And depicted a world steeped in opium.
 He spread his wings towards the sky
 And never came down to his nest again.
 His phantasy is sunk in the jar of
 heaven :

I know not whether it is the dregs or
 the bricks.¹ 670

The peoples were poisoned by his
 intoxication :

He slumbered and took no delight in
 deeds.

¹ *I.e.* it is worthless in either case. The egg-shaped wine-jar is supported by bricks in order to keep it in an upright position.

VIII

*Concerning the true nature of poetry and
the reform of Islamic literature.*

'Tis the brand of desire makes the blood
of man run warm,

By the lamp of desire this dust is
enkindled.

675 By desire Life's cup is brimmed with wine,
So that Life leaps to its feet and
marches briskly on.

Life is occupied with conquest alone,
And the one charm for conquest is desire.

Life is the hunter and desire the snare,
680 Desire is Love's message to Beauty.

Wherefore doth desire swell continu-
ously

The bass and treble of Life's song?
 Whatsoever is good and fair and
 beautiful

Is our guide in the wilderness of
 seeking.

Its image becomes impressed on thine
 heart,

685

It creates desires in thine heart.

Beauty is the creator of desire's spring-
 tide,

Desire is nourished by the display of
 Beauty.

'Tis in the poet's breast that Beauty
 unveils,

'Tis from his Sinai that Beauty's beams 690
 arise.

By his look the fair is made fairer,
 Through his enchantments Nature is
 more beloved.

From his lips the nightingale hath
 learned her song,

And his rouge hath brightened the
 cheek of the rose.

'Tis his passion burns in the heart of
 695 the moth,

'Tis he that lends glowing hues to love-
 tales.

Sea and land are hidden within his
 water and clay,¹

A hundred new worlds are concealed in
 his heart.

Ere tulips blossomed in his brain

700 There was heard no note of joy or
 grief.

His music breathes o'er us a wonderful
 enchantment,

His pen draws a mountain with a single
 hair.

His thoughts dwell with the moon and
 the stars,

He creates beauty in that which is ugly
 and strange.

705 He is a Khizr, and amidst his darkness
 is the Fountain of Life :²

¹ *I.e.* in his body.

² Khizr, according to the legend, discovered the Fountain of Life in the Land of Darkness.

All things that exist are made more
living by his tears.

Heavily we go, like raw novices,
Stumbling on the way to the goal.
His nightingale hath played a tune
And laid a plot to beguile us, 710
That he may lead us into Life's Paradise,
And that Life's bow may become a full
circle.

Caravans march at the sound of his bell
And follow the voice of his pipe ;
But when his zephyr blows in our
gardens, 715
We stay loitering amongst tulips and
roses.

His witchery makes Life develop itself
And become self-questioning and im-
patient.

He invites the whole world to his table;
He lavishes his fire as though it were
cheap as air. 720

Woe to a people that resigns itself to
death,

And whose poet turns away from the
joy of living!

His mirror shows beauty as ugliness,
His honey leaves a hundred stings in
the heart.

725 His kiss robs the rose of freshness,
He takes away from the nightingale's
heart the joy of flying.

Thy sinews are relaxed by his opium,
Thou payest for his song with thy
life.

He bereaves the cypress of delight in
its beauty,

His cold breath makes a pheasant of
730 the male falcon.

He is a fish, and from the breast upward
a man,

Like the Sirens in the ocean.

With his song he enchants the pilot
And casts the ship to the bottom of
the sea.

His melodies steal firmness from thine
735 heart,

His magic persuades thee that death is
life.

He takes from thy soul the desire of
existence,

He extracts from thy mine the blushing
ruby.

He dresses gain in the garb of loss,

He makes everything praiseworthy
blameful.

740

He plunges thee in a sea of thought,

He makes thee a stranger to action.

He is sick, and by his words our
sickness is increased :

The more his cup goes round, the more
sick are they that quaff it.

There are no lightning-rains in his April, 745

His garden is a mirage of colour and
perfume.

His beauty hath no dealings with Truth,

There are none but flawed pearls in his
sea.

Slumber he deemed sweeter than
waking :

750 Our fire was quenched by his breath.
 By the chant of his nightingale the
 heart was poisoned :
 Under his heap of roses lurked a snake.
 Beware of his decanter and cup !
 Beware of his sparkling wine !

755 O thou whom his wine hath laid low
 And who look'st to his glass for thy
 rising dawn,
 O thou whose heart hath been chilled
 by his melodies,
 Thou hast drunk deadly poison through
 the ear !
 Thy way of life is a proof of thy
 degeneracy,
 The strings of thine instrument are out
 760 of tune.

'Tis pampered ease hath made thee so
 wretched,
 A disgrace to Islam throughout the
 world.
 One can bind thee with the vein of a
 rose,

One can wound thee with a zephyr.
 Love hath been put to shame by thy
 wailing, 765

His fair picture hath been fouled by
 thy brush.

Thy ill-usage hath paled his cheek,
 Thy coldness hath taken the glow from
 his fire.

He is heartsick from thy heart-
 sicknesses,

And enfeebled by thy feeblenesses. 770

His cup is full of childish tears,
 His house is furnished with distressful
 sighs.¹

He is a drunkard begging at tavern-
 doors,

Stealing glimpses of beauty from
 lattices,

Unhappy, melancholy, injured, 775

Kicked well-nigh to death by the
 warder ;

¹ In this passage the author assails the Persian and Urdu poetry so much in favour with his contemporaries.

Wasted like a reed by sorrows,
 On his lips a store of complaints against
 Heaven.

Flattery and spite are the mettle of his
 mirror,

780 Helplessness his comrade of old ;
 A miserable base-born underling
 Without worth or hope or object,
 Whose lamentations have sucked the
 marrow from thy soul
 And driven off gentle sleep from thy
 neighbours' eyes.

785 Alas for a love whose fire is extinct,
 A love that was born in the Holy
 Place and died in the house of
 idols !

Oh, if thou hast the coin of poesy in
 thy purse,

Rub it on the touchstone of Life !

Clear-seeing thought shows the way to
 action,

As the lightning - flash precedes the
 790 thunder

It behoves thee to meditate well concerning literature,

It behoves thee to go back to the Arabs :
Thou must needs give thine heart to
the Salmá of Araby,¹

That the morn of the Hijáz may blossom
from the night of Kurdistan.²

Thou hast gathered roses from the
garden of Persia

795

And seen the springtide of India and
Iran :

¹ Arabic odes usually begin with a prelude in which the poet makes mention of his beloved ; and her name is often Salmá. Here "the Salmá of Araby" refers to the Koran and the ideals for which it stands.

² It is related that an ignorant Kurd came to some students and besought them to instruct him in the mysteries of Súfism. They told him that he must fasten a rope to the roof of his house, then tie the loose end to his feet and suspend himself, head downwards ; and that he must remain in this posture as long as possible, reciting continually some words of gibberish which they taught him. The poor man did not perceive that he was being mocked. He followed their instructions and passed the whole night repeating the words given him. God rewarded his faith and sincerity by granting him illumination, so that he became a saint and could discourse learnedly on the most abstruse matters of mystical theology. Afterwards he used to say, "In the evening I was a Kurd, but the next morning I was an Arab."

70 SECRETS OF THE SELF VIII

Now taste a little of the heat of the
desert,

Drink the old wine of the date!

Lay thine head for once on its hot
breast,

Yield thy body awhile to its scorching
wind!

800

For a long time thou hast turned about
on a bed of silk :

Now accustom thyself to rough cotton !

For generations thou hast danced on
tulips

And bathed thy cheek in dew, like
the rose :

805 Now throw thyself on the burning sand

And plunge into the fountain of
Zemzem !

How long wilt thou fain lament like
the nightingale ?

How long make thine abode in gardens ?

O thou whose auspicious snare would
do honour to the Phoenix,

810 Build a nest on the high mountains,

A nest embosomed in lightning and
thunder,
Loftier than eagle's eyrie,
That thou mayst be fit for Life's battle,
That thy body and soul may burn in
Life's fire !

IX

Showing that the education of the Self has three stages: Obedience, Self-control, and Divine Vicegerency.

I. OBEDIENCE

815 SERVICE and toil are traits of the camel,
Patience and perseverance are ways of
the camel.

Noiselessly he steps along the sandy
track,

He is the ship of those who voyage in
the desert.

Every thicket knows the print of his
foot :

820 He eats seldom, sleeps little, and is
inured to toil.

He carries rider, baggage, and litter ;
 He trots on and on to the journey's end,
 Rejoicing in his speed,
 More patient in travel than his rider.
 Thou, too, do not refuse the burden of
 Duty : 825

So wilt thou enjoy the best dwelling-
 place, which is with God.

Endeavour to obey, O heedless one !

Liberty is the fruit of compulsion.

By obedience the man of no worth is
 made worthy ;

By disobedience his fire is turned to
 ashes. 830

Whoso would master the sun and stars,
 Let him make himself a prisoner of
 Law !

The wind is enthralled by the fragrant
 rose ;

The perfume is confined in the navel of
 the musk-deer.

The star moves towards its goal 835

With head bowed in surrender to a law.

The grass springs up in obedience to
the law of growth :

When it abandons that, it is trodden
underfoot.

To burn unceasingly is the law of the
tulip,

840 And so the blood leaps in its veins.

Drops of water become a sea by the
law of union,

And grains of sand become a Sahara.

Since Law makes everything strong
within,

Why dost thou neglect this source of
strength ?

O thou that art emancipated from the
845 old Custom,¹

Adorn thy feet once more with the
same fine silver chain !

Do not complain of the hardness of the
Law,

Do not transgress the statutes of
Mohammed !

¹ The religious law of Islam.

2. SELF-CONTROL

Thy soul cares only for itself, like the
camel :

It is self-conceited, self-governed, and
self-willed. 850

Be a man, get its halter into thine
hand,

That thou mayst become a pearl albeit
thou art a potter's vessel.

He that does not command himself
Becomes a receiver of commands from
others.

When they moulded thee of clay, 855
Love and fear were mingled in thy
making :

Fear of this world and of the world to
come, fear of death,

Fear of all the pains of earth and
heaven ;

Love of riches and power, love of
country,

Love of self and kindred and wife. 860

The mixing of clay with water nourishes
the body,¹

But he that is drowned in sin dies an
evil death.

So long as thou hold'st the staff of
"There is no God but He,"²

Thou wilt break every spell of fear.

One to whom God is as the soul in his
865 body,

His neck is not bowed before vanity.

Fear finds no way into his bosom,

His heart is afraid of none but Allah.

Whoso dwells in the Moslem Faith

Is free from the bonds of wife and
870 child.

He withdraws his gaze from all except
God

And lays the knife to the throat of his
son.³

¹ *I.e.* water is an indispensable element in the life of the body.

² The first article of the Mohammedan creed.

³ Like Abraham when he was about to sacrifice Isaac or (as Moslems generally believe) Ishmael.

Though single, he is like a host in onset :
Life is cheaper in his eyes than wind.

The profession of Faith is the shell, but
prayer is the pearl : 875

The Moslem's heart deems prayer a
lesser pilgrimage.¹

In the Moslem's hand prayer is like a
dagger

Killing sin and frowardness and wrong.
Fasting makes an assault upon hunger
and thirst

And breaches the citadel of sensuality. 880

The pilgrimage enlightens the minds of
the Faithful :

It teaches separation from one's home
and destroys attachment to one's
native land ;

It is an act of devotion in which all feel
themselves to be one,

It binds together the leaves of the book
of religion.

¹ The lesser pilgrimage (*'umra*) is not obligatory like the greater pilgrimage (*hajj*).

Almsgiving causes love of riches to pass
885 away

And makes equality familiar ;

It fortifies the heart with righteous-
ness,¹

It increases wealth and diminishes
fondness for wealth.

All this is a means of strengthening
thee :

Thou art impregnable, if thy Islam be
890 strong.

Draw might from the litany "O
Almighty One !"

That thou mayst ride the camel of thy
body.²

3. DIVINE VICEGERENCY³

If thou canst rule thy camel, thou wilt
rule the world

¹ The original quotes part of a verse in the Koran (ch. 3, v. 86), where it is said, "Ye shall never attain unto righteousness until ye give in alms of that which ye love."

² *I.e.* overcome the lusts of the flesh.

³ Here Iqbal interprets in his own way the Súfí doctrine of the *Insán al-kámil* or Perfect Man, which

And wear on thine head the crown of
Solomon.

Thou wilt be the glory of the world
whilst the world lasts, 895

And thou wilt reign in the kingdom
incorruptible.

'Tis sweet to be God's vicegerent in the
world

And exercise sway over the elements.

God's vicegerent is as the soul of the
universe,

His being is the shadow of the Greatest
Name. 900

He knows the mysteries of part and
whole,

He executes the command of Allah in
the world.

When he pitches his tent in the wide
world,

teaches that every man is potentially a microcosm, and that when he has become spiritually perfect, all the Divine attributes are displayed by him, so that as saint or prophet he is the God-man, the representative and vicegerent of God on earth.

He rolls up this ancient carpet.¹

His genius abounds with life and desires
905 to manifest itself :

He will bring another world into exist-
ence.

A hundred worlds like this world of
parts and wholes

Spring up, like roses, from the seed of
his imagination.

He makes every raw nature ripe,

He puts the idols out of the sanctu-
910 ary.

Heart-strings give forth music at his
touch,

He wakes and sleeps for God alone.

He teaches age the melody of youth

And endows everything with the
radiance of youth.

To the human race he brings both a
915 glad message and a warning,

He comes both as a soldier and as a
marshal and prince.

¹ *I.e.* his appearance marks the end of an epoch.

He is the final cause of "God taught
Adam the names of all things,"¹

He is the inmost sense of "Glory to
Him that transported His servant
by night."²

His white hand is strengthened by the
staff,³

His knowledge is twinned with the
power of a perfect man. 920

When that bold cavalier seizes the
reins,

The steed of Time gallops faster.

His awful mien makes the Red Sea dry,
He leads Israel out of Egypt.

At his cry, "Arise," the dead spirits 925
Rise in their bodily tomb, like pines in
the field.

His person is an atonement for all the
world,

¹ Koran, ch. 2, v. 29. The Ideal Man is the final cause of creation.

² Koran, ch. 17, v. 1, referring to the Ascension of the Prophet.

³ For the white hand (of Moses) cf. Koran, ch. 7, v. 105, ch. 26, v. 32, and Exodus, ch. 4, v. 6.

By his grandeur the world is saved.¹

His protecting shadow makes the mote
familiar with the sun,

His rich substance makes precious all
930 that exists.

He bestows life by miraculous works,

He founds a new system to work by.

Splendid visions rise from the print of
his foot,

Many a Moses is entranced by his
Sinai.

935 He gives a new explanation of Life,

A new interpretation of this dream.

His hidden being is Life's mystery,

The unheard music of Life's harp.

Nature travails in blood for genera-
tions

To compose the harmony of his

940 personality.

When our handful of earth has reached
the zenith,

¹ These four lines may allude to Jesus, regarded as a type of the Perfect Man.

That champion will come forth from
this dust !

There sleeps amidst the ashes of To-day
The flame of a world - consuming
morrow.

Our bud enfolds a garden of roses, 945
Our eyes are bright with to-morrow's
dawn.

Appear, O rider of Destiny !
Appear, O light of the dark realm of
Change !

Illumine the scene of existence,
Dwell in the blackness of our eyes ! 950

Silence the noise of the nations,
Imparadise our ears with thy music !
Arise and tune the harp of brother-
hood,

Give us back the cup of the wine of
love !

Bring once more days of peace to the
world, 955

Give a message of peace to them that
seek battle !

Mankind are the cornfield and thou the
harvest,

Thou art the goal of Life's caravan.

The leaves are scattered by Autumn's
fury :

Oh, do thou pass over our gardens
960 as the Spring !

Receive from our downcast brows

The homage of little children and of
young men and old !

When thou art there, we will lift up
our heads,

Content to suffer the burning fire of
this world.

X

*Setting forth the inner meanings of the
names of Ali.*

ALI is the first Moslem and the King
of men, 965

In Love's eyes Ali is the treasure of
the Faith.

Devotion to his family inspires me
with life

So that I am as a shining pearl.

Like the narcissus, I am enraptured
with gazing ;

Like perfume, I am straying through
his pleasure-garden. 970

If holy water gushes from my earth,
he is the source ;

If wine pours from my grapes, he is
the cause.

I am dust, but his sun hath made me
as a mirror :

Song can be seen in my breast.

From Ali's face the Prophet drew a
975 fair omen,

By his majesty the true religion is
glorified.

His commandments are the strength of
Islam :

All things pay allegiance to his House.

The Apostle of God gave him the
name Bú Turáb ;

God in the Koran called him "the
980 Hand of Allah."

Every one that is acquainted with
Life's mysteries

Knows what is the inner meaning of
the names of Ali.

The dark clay, whose name is the body—
Our reason is ever bemoaning its
iniquity.

On account of it our sky - reaching
thought plods o'er the earth ; 985

It makes our eyes blind and our ears
deaf.

It hath in its hand a two-edged sword
of lust :

Travellers' hearts are broken by this
brigand.

Ali, the Lion of God, subdued the
body's clay

And transmuted this dark earth to gold. 990

Murtazá, by whose sword the splendour
of Truth was revealed,

Is named Bú Turáb from his conquest
of the body.¹

Man wins territory by prowess in battle,
But his brightest jewel is mastery of
himself.

Whosoever in the world becomes a
Bú Turáb

Turns back the sun from the west ;²

¹ Murtazá, " he whom with God is pleased," is a name
of Ali. Bú Turáb means literally " father of earth."

² A miracle of the Prophet.

Whosoever saddles tightly the steed of
the body

Sits like the bezel on the seal of
sovereignty :

Here the might of Khaibar is under
his feet,¹

1000 And hereafter his hand will distribute
the water of Kauthar.²

Through self-knowledge he acts as
God's Hand,

And in virtue of being God's Hand he
reigns over all.

His person is the gate of the city of
the sciences :

Arabia, China, and Greece are subject
to him.

1005 If thou wouldst drink clear wine from
thine own grapes,

Thou must needs wield authority over
thine own earth.

¹ The fortress of Khaibar, a village in the Hijáz, was captured by the Moslems in A.D. 628. Ali performed great feats of valour on this occasion.

² A river of Paradise.

To become earth is the creed of a moth;
Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is
worthy of a man.

Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard
as a stone,

That thou mayst be the foundation of
the wall of the garden! 1010

Build thy clay into a Man,
Build thy Man into a World!

If thou art unfit to be either a wall or
a door,

Some one else will make bricks of
thine earth.

O thou who complainest of the cruelty
of Heaven, 1015

Thou whose glass cries out against the
injustice of the stone,

How long this wailing and crying and
lamentation?

How long this perpetual beating of
thy breast?

The pith of Life is contained in action,
To delight in creation is the law of Life. 1020

Arise and create a new world!

Wrap thyself in flames, be an
Abraham!¹

To comply with this ill-starred world
Is to fling away thy buckler on the
field of battle.

The man of strong character who is
1025 master of himself

Will find Fortune complaisant.

If the world does not comply with his
humour,

He will try the hazard of war with
Heaven;

He will dig up the foundations of the
universe

1030 And cast its atoms into a new mould.

He will subvert the course of Time

And wreck the azure firmament.

By his own strength he will produce

A new world which will do his pleasure.

If one cannot live in the world as
1035 beseems a man,

¹ See note on l. 213.

It is true life to give up one's soul.
He that hath sound intelligence
Will prove his strength by great
enterprises.

'Tis sweet to use love in hard tasks
And, like Abraham, to gather roses
from flames.¹ 1040

The potentialities of men of action
Are displayed in willing acceptance of
what is difficult.

Mean spirits have no weapon but spite,
This is their one rule of life.
But Life is power made manifest, 1045
And its mainspring is the desire for
victory.

Mercy out of season is a coldness of
Life's blood,
A break in the rhythm of Life's music.
Whoever is sunk in the depths of
ignominy
Calls his weakness contentment. 1050

¹ The burning pyre on which Abraham was thrown lost its heat and was transformed into a rose-garden.

Weakness is the plunderer of Life,
 Its womb is teeming with fears and lies.
 Its soul is empty of virtues,
 Its milk is a fattening for vices.

1055 O man of sound judgement, beware !
 This spoiler is lurking in ambush.
 Be not his dupe, if thou art wise :
 Chameleon-like, he changes colour every
 moment.

Even by keen observers his form is not
 discerned :

1060 Veils are thrown over his face.
 Now he is muffled in pity and gentle-
 ness,
 Now he wears the cloak of humility.
 Sometimes he is disguised as a victim
 of oppression,
 Sometimes as one whose sins are to be
 excused.

1065 He appears in the shape of self-
 indulgence
 And robs the strong man's heart of
 courage.

Strength is the twin of Truth ;
If thou knowest thyself, strength is the
Truth-revealing glass.

Life is the seed, and power the crop :
Power explains the mystery of truth
and falsehood. 1070

The false claimant, if he be possessed
of power,

Needs no argument for his claim.

Falsehood derives from power the
authority of truth,

And by falsifying truth deems itself
true.

Its creative word transforms poison
into nectar ; 1075

It says to Good, "Thou art bad," and
Good becomes Evil.

O thou that art heedless of the trust
committed to thee,

Esteem thyself superior to both worlds!¹

¹ The "trust" which God offered to Man and which Man accepted, after it had been refused by Heaven and Earth (Koran, ch. 33, v. 72), is the divine vicegerency, *i.e.* the duty of displaying the divine attributes.

Gain knowledge of Life's mysteries !
1080 Be a tyrant ! Ignore all except God !
O man of understanding, open thine
eyes, ears, and lips !¹
If then thou seest not the Way of
Truth, laugh at me !

¹ A parody of the verse in the *Masnavi* quoted above.
See l. 603.

XI

Story of a young man of Merv who came to the saint Ali Hujwírí—God have mercy on him!—and complained that he was oppressed by his enemies.

THE saint of Hujwír was venerated by
the peoples,
And Pír-i Sanjar visited his tomb as a
pilgrim.¹

With ease he broke down the mountain-
barriers

1085

And sowed the seed of Islam in India.
The age of Omar was restored by his
godliness,

¹ Hujwírí, author of the oldest Persian treatise on Súfism, was a native of Ghazna in Afghanistan. He died at Lahore about A.D. 1072. Pír-i Sanjar is the renowned saint, Mu'ínuddín, head of the Chishtí order of dervishes, who died in A.D. 1235 at Ajmír.

The fame of the Truth was exalted by
his words.

He was a guardian of the honour of
the Koran,

The house of Falsehood fell in ruins at
1090 his gaze.

The dust of the Panjáb was brought to
life by his breath,

Our dawn was made splendid by his
sun.

He was a lover, and withal a courier of
Love :

The secrets of Love shone forth from
his brow.

1095 I will tell a story of his perfection
And enclose a whole rose - bed in a
single bud.

A young man, cypress-tall,
Came from the town of Merv to Lahore.
He went to see the venerable saint,

1100 That the sun might dispel his darkness.
“I am hemmed in,” he said, “by foes ;
I am as a glass in the midst of stones.

Do thou teach me, O sire of heavenly
rank,

How to lead my life amongst enemies !”

The wise Director, in whose nature 1105

Love had allied mercy with wrath,

Answered : “ Thou art unread in Life’s
lore,

Careless of its end and its beginning.

Be without fear of others !

Thou art a sleeping force : awake ! 1110

When the stone was anxious on account
of the glass,

It became glass and got into the way
of breaking.

If the traveller thinks himself weak,

He delivers his soul unto the brigand.

How long wilt thou regard thyself as
water and clay ? 1115

Create from thy clay a flaming Sinai !

Why be angry with mighty men ?

Why complain of enemies ?

I will declare the truth : thine enemy
is thy friend ;

1120 His existence crowns thee with glory.
Whosoever knows the states of the Self
Considers a powerful enemy to be a
blessing from God.
To the seed of Man the enemy is as a
rain-cloud :
He awakens its potentialities.
If thy spirit be strong, the stones in
1125 thy way are as water :
What recks the torrent of the ups and
downs of the road ?
The sword of resolution is whetted by
the stones in the way
And put to proof by traversing stage
after stage.
What is the use of eating and sleeping
like a beast ?
What is the use of being, unless thou
1130 have strength in thyself ?
When thou mak'st thyself strong with
Self,
Thou wilt destroy the world at thy
pleasure.

If thou wouldst pass away, become free
of Self;

If thou wouldst live, become full of
Self!¹

What is death? To become oblivious
to Self. 1135

Why imagine that it is the parting of
soul and body?

Abide in Self, like Joseph!

Advance from captivity to empire!

Think of Self and be a man of action!

Be a man of God, bear mysteries
within!" 1140

I will explain the matter by means of
stories,

I will open the bud by the power of
my breath.

"'Tis better that a lovers' secret
Should be told by the lips of others."²

¹ These lines correct the Súfí doctrine that by means of passing away from individuality the mystic attains to everlasting life in God.

² *I.e.* allegorically. This verse occurs in the *Masnawí*.

XII

*Story of the bird that was faint
with thirst.*

1145 A BIRD was faint with thirst,
The breath in his body was heaving
like waves of smoke.
He saw a diamond in the garden :
Thirst created a vision of water.
Deceived by the sunbright stone
The foolish bird fancied that it was
1150 water.
He got no moisture from the gem :
He pecked it with his beak, but it did
not wet his palate.
“O thrall of vain desire,” said the
diamond,

“Thou hast sharpened thy greedy beak
on me ;

But I am not a dewdrop, I give no
drink, 1155

I do not live for the sake of others.

Wouldst thou hurt me ? Thou art
mad !

A life that reveals the Self is strange
to thee.

My water will shiver the beaks of birds
And break the jewel of man’s life.”¹ 1160

The bird won not his heart’s wish from
the diamond

And turned away from the sparkling
stone.

Disappointment swelled in his breast,
The song in his throat became a wail.

Upon a rose-twig a drop of dew 1165
Gleamed like the tear in a nightingale’s
eye :

All its glitter was owing to the sun,
It was trembling in fear of the sun—

¹ *I.e.* if he swallow a diamond, he will die.

A restless sky-born star
That had stopped for a moment, from
1170 desire to be seen ;
Oft deceived by bud and flower,
It had gained nothing from Life.
There it hung, ready to drop,
Like a tear on the eyelashes of a lover
 who hath lost his heart.
The sorely distressed bird hopped under
1175 the rose-bush,
The dewdrop trickled into his mouth.
O thou that wouldst deliver thy soul
 from enemies,
I ask thee—" Art thou a drop of water
 or a gem ?"
When the bird melted in the fire of
 thirst,
1180 It appropriated the life of another.
The drop was not solid and gem-like ;
The diamond had a being, the drop
 had none.
Never for an instant neglect Self-
 preservation :

Be a diamond, not a dewdrop !

Be massive in nature, like mountains, 1185

And bear on thy crest a hundred clouds
laden with floods of rain !

Save thyself by affirmation of Self,

Compress thy quicksilver into silver
ore !

Produce a melody from the string of
Self,

Make manifest the secrets of Self ! 1190

XIII

Story of the diamond and the coal.

Now I will open one more gate of
Truth,

I will tell thee another tale.

The coal in the mine said to the
diamond,

“O thou entrusted with splendours
everlasting,

We are comrades, and our being is
1195 one ;

The source of our existence is the
same,

Yet while I die here in the anguish of
worthlessness,

Thou art set on the crowns of emperors.

XIII SECRETS OF THE SELF 105

My stuff is so vile that I am valued less
than earth,

Whereas the mirror's heart is rent by
thy beauty. 1200

My darkness illumines the chafing-dish,
Then my substance is incinerated at
last.

Every one puts the sole of his foot on
my head

And covers my stock of existence with
ashes.

My fate must needs be deplored ; 1205
Dost thou know what is the gist of my
being ?

Thou art a condensed wavelet of
smoke,

Endowed with the properties of a single
spark ;

Both in feature and nature thou art
star-like,

Splendours rise from every side of thee. 1210
Now thou becom'st the light of a
monarch's eye,

Now thou adornest the haft of a
dagger."

"O sagacious friend!" said the diamond,
"Dark earth, when hardened, becomes
in dignity as a bezel.

Having been at strife with its environ-
1215 ment,

It is ripened by the struggle and grows
hard like a stone.

'Tis this ripeness that has endowed my
form with light

And filled my bosom with radiance.

Because thy being is immature, thou
hast become abased ;

Because thy body is soft, thou art
1220 burnt.

Be void of fear, grief, and anxiety ;

Be hard as a stone, be a diamond !

Whosoever strives hard and grips tight,
The two worlds are illumined by
him.

1225 A little earth is the origin of the Black
Stone

Which puts forth its head in the Ka'ba :
Its rank is higher than Sinai,
It is kissed by the swarthy and the fair.
In solidity consists the glory of Life ;
Weakness is worthlessness and im-
maturity.”

XIV

*Story of the Sheikh and the Brahmin,
followed by a conversation between
Ganges and Himalaya to the effect that
the continuation of social life depends
on firm attachment to the characteristic
traditions of the community.*

AT Benares lived a venerable Brahmin,
Whose head was deep in the ocean of
Being and Not-being.

He had a large knowledge of philosophy
But was well-disposed to the seekers
after God.

His mind was eager to explore new
1235 problems,

His intellect moved on a level with the
Pleiades ;

His nest was as high as that of the
Anká ;¹

Sun and moon were cast, like rue, on
the flame of his thought.²

For a long time he laboured and
sweated,

But philosophy brought no wine to his
cup.

1240

Although he set many a snare in the
gardens of learning,

His snares never caught a glimpse of
the Ideal bird ;

And notwithstanding that the nails of his
thought were dabbled with blood,

The knot of Being and Not-being
remained untied.

The sighs on his lips bore witness to
his despair,

1245

His countenance told tales of his dis-
traction.

One day he visited an excellent Sheikh,

¹ A mysterious bird, of which nothing is known except its name.

² Rue-seed is burned for the purpose of fumigation.

A man who had in his breast a heart
of gold.

The Sheikh laid the seal of silence on
his lips

While he lent his ear to the Sage's
1250 discourse.

Then he said: "O wanderer in the
lofty sky,

Pledge thyself to be true, for a little,
to the earth!

Thou hast lost thy way in wildernesses
of speculation,

Thy fearless thought hath passed
beyond Heaven.

Be reconciled with earth, O sky-
1255 traveller!

Do not wander in quest of the essence
of the stars!

I do not bid thee abandon thine idols.

Art thou an unbeliever? Then be
worthy of the badge of unbelief!¹

¹ "The badge of unbelief": here the original has *zunnár* (ζωνάριον), i.e. the sacred thread worn by Zoroastrians and other non-Moslems.

O inheritor of ancient culture,
 Turn not thy back on the path thy
 fathers trod ! 1260

If a people's life is derived from unity,
 Unbelief too is a source of unity.

Thou that art not even a perfect infidel
 Art unfit to worship at the shrine of
 the spirit.

We both are far astray from the road
 of devotion : 1265

Thou art far from Ázar, and I from
 Abraham.¹

Our Majnún hath not fallen into
 melancholy for his Lailá's sake :

He hath not become perfect in the
 madness of love.

When the lamp of Self expires,
 What is the use of heaven-surveying
 imagination ?" 1270

Once on a time, laying hold of the skirt
 of the mountain,

¹ Ázar, the father of Abraham, was an idolater.

Ganges said to Himalaya :

“O thou mantled in snow since the
morn of creation,

Thou whose form is girdled with
streams,

God made thee a partner in the secrets
1275 of heaven,

But deprived thy foot of graceful
gait.

He took away from thee the power to
walk :

What avails this sublimity and stateli-
ness ?

Life springs from perpetual movement :
Motion constitutes the wave's whole
1280 existence.”

When the mountain heard this taunt
from the river,

He puffed angrily like a sea of fire,
And answered : “Thy wide waters are
my looking-glass ;

Within my bosom are a hundred rivers
like thee.

This graceful gait of thine is an instrument of death : 1285

Whoso goeth from Self is meet to die.
Thou hast no knowledge of thine own case,

Thou exultest in thy misfortune : thou art a fool !

O born of the womb of the revolving sphere,

A fallen-in bank is better than thou ! 1290

Thou hast made thine existence an offering to the ocean,

Thou hast thrown the rich purse of thy life to the highwayman.

Be self-contained like the rose in the garden,

Do not go to the florist in order to smell sweet !

To live is to grow in thyself 1295

And gather roses from thine own flower-bed.

Ages have gone by and my foot is fast in earth :

Dost thou fancy that I am far from
my goal ?

My being grew and reached the sky,
The Pleiads sank to rest under my
1300 skirts ;

Thy being vanishes in the ocean,
But on my crest the stars bow their
heads.

Mine eye sees the mysteries of heaven,
Mine ear is familiar with angels' wings.
Since I glowed with the heat of un-
1305 ceasing toil,

I amassed rubies, diamonds, and other
gems.

I am stone within, and in the stone is
fire :

Water cannot pass over my fire ! ”

Art thou a drop of water ? Do not
break at thine own feet,

But endeavour to surge and wrestle
1310 with the sea.

Desire the water of a jewel, become a
jewel !

Be an ear-drop, adorn a beauty !

Oh, expand thyself! Move swiftly !

Be a cloud that shoots lightning and
sheds a flood of rain !

Let the ocean sue for thy storms as a
beggar,

1315

Let it complain of the straitness of thy
skirts !

Let it deem itself less than a wave

And glide along at thy feet !

XV

Showing that the purpose of the Moslem's life is to exalt the Word of Allah, and that the Jihád (war against unbelievers), if it be prompted by land-hunger, is unlawful in the religion of Islam.

IMBUE thine heart with the tincture
of Allah,
1320 Give honour and glory to Love !
The Moslem's nature prevails by means
of love :
The Moslem, if he be not loving, is an
infidel.
Upon God depends his seeing and not-
seeing,
His eating, drinking, and sleeping.

In his will that which God wills be-
comes lost— 1325

“How shall a man believe this saying?”¹

He encamps in the field of “There is
no god but Allah”;

In the world he is a witness against
mankind.

His high estate is attested by the
Prophet that was sent to men and
Jinn—

By the most truthful of witnesses. 1330

Leave words and seek that spiritual
state,

Shed the light of God o’er the darkness
of works!

Albeit clad in kingly robe, live as a
dervish,

Live wakeful and meditating on God!

Whatever thou doest, let it be thine
aim therein to draw nigh to God, 1335

That His glory may be made manifest
by thee.

¹ See Introduction, p. xix, note 1.

Peace becomes an evil, if its object be
aught else ;

War is good if its object is God.

If God be not exalted by our swords,

1340 War dishonours the people.

The holy Sheikh Miyán Mír Walí,¹

By the light of whose soul every hidden
thing was revealed—

His feet were firmly planted on the
path of Mohammed,

He was a flute for the impassioned
music of love.

1345 His tomb keeps our city safe from harm
And causes the beams of true religion
to shine on us.

Heaven stooped its brow to his threshold,
The Emperor of India was one of his
disciples.²

Now, this monarch had sown the seed
of ambition in his heart

1350 And was resolved on conquest.

¹ A celebrated Moslem saint, who died at Lahore in
A.D. 1635.

² Aurangzib.

The flames of vain desire were alight
in him,

He was teaching his sword to ask, "Is
there any more?"¹

In the Deccan was a great noise of war,
His army stood on the battlefield.

He went to the Sheikh of heaven-high
dignity

1355

That he might receive his blessing :

The Moslem turns from this world to
God

And strengthens policy with prayer.

The Sheikh made no answer to the
Emperor's speech,

The assembly of dervishes was all ears, 1360

Until a disciple, in his hand a silver
coin,

Opened his lips and broke the silence,

Saying, "Accept this poor offering
from me,

O guide of them that have lost the
way to God!

¹ Koran, ch. 50, v. 29.

My limbs were bathed in sweat of
 1365 labour

Before I put away a dirhem in my
 skirt."

The Sheikh said: "This money ought
 to be given to our Sultan,

Who is a beggar wearing the raiment
 of a king.

Though he holds sway over sun, moon,
 and stars,

Our Emperor is the most penniless of
 1370 mankind.

His eye is fixed on the table of strangers,
 The fire of his hunger hath consumed
 a whole world.

His sword is followed by famine and
 plague,

His culture lays a wide land waste.

The folk are crying out because of his
 1375 indigence,

His empty-headedness, and his oppres-
 sion of the weak.

His power is an enemy to all:

Humankind are the caravan and he the
brigand.

In his self-delusion and ignorance
He calls pillage by the name of empire. 1380

Both the royal troops and those of the
enemy

Are cloven in twain by the sword of
his hunger.

The beggar's hunger consumes his own
soul,

But the sultan's hunger destroys state
and religion.

Whoso shall draw the sword for any-
thing except Allah, 1385

His sword is sheathed in his own
breast."

XVI

Precepts written for the Moslems of India by Mír Naját Nakshband, who is generally known as Bábá Sahrá'í.¹

O THOU that hast grown from earth,
like a rose,

Thou too art born of the womb of
Self.

Do not abandon Self! Persist therein!

Be a drop of water and drink up the
1390 ocean!

Glowing with the light of Self as thou
art,

Make Self strong, and thou wilt
endure.

¹ This appears to be a pseudonym assumed by the author.

Thou gett'st profit from this trade,
Thou gain'st riches by preserving this
commodity.

Thou hast being, and art thou afraid of
not-being? 1395

O foolish one, thy understanding is at
fault.

Since I am acquainted with the
harmony of Life,

I will tell thee what is the secret of
Life—

To sink into thyself like the pearl,
Then to emerge from thine inward
solitude; 1400

To collect sparks beneath the ashes,
And become a flame and dazzle men's
eyes.

Go, burn the house of forty years'
tribulation,

Move round thyself! Be a circling
flame!

What is Life but to be freed from
moving round others 1405

And to regard thyself as the Holy
Temple ?

Beat thy wings and escape from the
attraction of Earth ;

Like birds, be safe from falling.

Unless thou art a bird, thou wilt do
wisely

Not to build thy nest on the top of a
1410 cave.

O thou that seekest to acquire know-
ledge,

I say o'er to thee the message of the
Sage of Rúm :¹

“ Knowledge, if it lie on thy skin, is a
snake ;

Knowledge, if thou take it to heart, is
a friend.”

Hast thou heard how the Master of
1415 Rúm

Gave lectures on philosophy at
Aleppo ?—

Fast in the bonds of intellectual proofs,

¹ Jaláluddín Rúmí.

Drifting o'er the dark and stormy sea
of understanding ;
A Moses unillumined by Love's Sinai,
Ignorant of Love and of Love's passion. 1420
He discoursed on Scepticism and
Neoplatonism,
And strung many a brilliant pearl of
metaphysic.
He unravelled the problems of the
Peripatetics,
The light of his thought made clear
whatever was obscure.
Heaps of books lay around and in front
of him, 1425
And on his lips was the key to all their
mysteries.
Shams-i Tabríz, directed by Kamál,¹
Sought his way to the college of
Jaláluddín Rúmí
And cried out, " What is all this noise
and babble ?

¹ Báábá Kamáluddín Jundí. For Shams-i Tabríz and his relation to Jaláluddín Rúmí see my *Selected Poems from the Diváni Shamsi Tabríz* (Cambridge, 1898).

What are all these syllogisms and
 1430 judgements and demonstrations?"

"Peace, O fool!" exclaimed the
 Maulavi,

"Do not laugh at the doctrines of the
 sages.

Get thee out of my college!

This is argument and discussion: what
 hast thou to do with it?

My discourse is beyond thy under-
 1435 standing,

It will not brighten the glass of thy
 perception."

These words increased the anger of
 Shams-i Tabríz

And caused a fire to burst forth from
 his soul.

The lightning of his look fell on the
 earth,

And the glow of his breath made the
 1440 dust spring into flames.

The spiritual fire burned the intellectual
 stack

And clean consumed the book of
philosophy.

The Maulavi, being a stranger to Love's
miracles

And unversed in Love's harmonies,
Cried, "How didst thou kindle this
fire, 1445

Which hath burned the books of the
philosophers?"

The Sheikh answered, "O unbelieving
Moslem,

This is vision and ecstasy: what hast
thou to do with it?

My state is beyond thy thought,
My flame is the Alchemist's elixir." 1450

Thou hast drawn thy substance from
the snow of philosophy,

The cloud of thy thought sheds nothing
but hailstones.

Kindle a fire in thy rubble,
Foster a flame in thy earth!

The Moslem's knowledge is perfected
by spiritual fervour, 1455

The meaning of Islam is *Renounce
what shall pass away.*

When Abraham escaped from the
bondage of "that which sets,"¹

He sat unhurt in the midst of flames.²

Thou hast cast knowledge of God
behind thee

1460 And squandered thy religion for the
sake of a loaf.

Thou art hot in pursuit of antimony,

Thou art unaware of the blackness of
thine own eye.

Seek the Fountain of Life from the
sword's edge,

And the River of Paradise from the
dragon's mouth,

1465 Demand the Black Stone from the
door of the house of idols,

And the musk-deer's bladder from a
mad dog,

¹ Abraham refused to worship the sun, moon, and stars, saying, "I love not them that set" (Koran, ch. 6, v. 76).

² See p. 91, note.

But do not seek the glow of Love from
the knowledge of to-day,

Do not seek the nature of Truth from
this infidel's cup !

Long have I been running to and fro,
Learning the secrets of the New
Knowledge :

1470

Its gardeners have put me to the
trial

And have made me intimate with their
roses.

Roses ! Tulips, rather, that warn one
not to smell them—

Like paper roses, a mirage of perfume.

Since this garden ceased to enthrall me, 1475

I have nested on the Paradisal tree.

Modern knowledge is the greatest
blind—

Idol - worshipping, idol - selling, idol -
making !

Shackled in the prison of phenomena,

It has not overleaped the limits of the
sensible.

1480

It has fallen down in crossing the
bridge of Life,

It has laid the knife to its own throat.

Having fire, it is yet cold as the tulip ;

Having flame, it is yet cold as hail.

Its nature remains untouched by the
1485 glow of Love,

It is ever engaged in a joyless search.

Love is the Plato that heals the sick-
nesses of the mind :¹

The mind's melancholy is cured by its
lancet.

The whole world bows in adoration to
Love,

Love is the Mahmúd that conquers the
1490 Somnath of intellect.²

Modern science lacks this old wine in
its cup,

Its nights are not loud with passionate
prayer.

¹ In the *Masnavi* Love is called "the physician of our pride and self-conceit, our Plato and our Galen."

² The famous idol of Somnath was destroyed by Sultan Mahmúd of Ghazna.

Thou hast misprized thine own cypress
And deemed tall the cypress of
others.

Like the reed, thou hast emptied
thyself of Self 1495

And given thine heart to the music of
others.

O thou that begg'st morsels from
another's table,

Wilt thou seek thine own kind in
another's shop ?

The Moslem's feast is burned up by the
lamps of strangers,

His mosque is consumed by the
Christian monastery. 1500

When the deer fled from the sacred
territory of Mecca,

The hunter's arrow pierced her side.¹

The leaves of the rose are scattered,
like its scent :

O thou that hast fled from thy Self,
come back to it !

¹ The pilgrims are forbidden to kill game.

O trustee of the wisdom of the
 1505 Koran,
 Find thy lost unity again !
 We, who keep the gate of the citadel
 of Islam,
 Have become unbelievers by neglecting
 the watchword of Islam.
 The ancient Saki's bowl is shattered,
 The wine-party of the Hijáz is broken
 1510 up.
 The Ka'ba is filled with our idols,
 Infidelity mocks at our Islam.
 Our Sheikh hath gambled Islam away
 for love of idols
 And made a rosary of the *zunnár*.¹
 Our spiritual directors owe their rank
 1515 to their white hairs
 And are the laughing-stock of children
 in the street ;
 Their hearts bear no impress of the
 Faith
 But house the idols of sensuality.

¹ See p. 110, note.

Every long-haired fellow wears the
garb of a dervish—

Alas for these traffickers in religion ! 1520

Day and night they are travelling about
with disciples,

And ignoring their religious duties.

Their eyes are without light, like the
narcissus,

Their breasts devoid of spiritual wealth.

Preachers and Súfís, all worship worldli-
ness alike ; 1525

The prestige of the pure religion is
ruined.

Our preacher fixed his eyes on the
pagoda

And the mufti of the Faith sold his
decision.

After this, O friends, what are we to
do ?

Our guide turns his face towards the
wine-house. 1530

XVII

Time is a sword.

GREEN be the pure grave of Sháfi'í,¹
Whose vine hath cheered a whole
world !

His thought plucked a star from
heaven :

He named Time "a cutting sword."

How shall I say what is the secret of
1535 this sword ?

All its brilliance is derived from Life.

Its owner is exalted above hope and
fear,

His hand is whiter than the hand of
Moses.

¹ Founder of one of the four great Mohammedan schools of law.

At one stroke thereof water gushes
from the rock

And the sea becomes land from dearth
of moisture. 1540

Moses held this sword in his hand,
Therefore he wrought more than man
may contrive.

He clove the Red Sea asunder
And made its waters like dry earth.
The arm of Ali, the conqueror of
Khaibar, 1545

Drew its strength from this same sword.
The revolution of the sky is visible,
The change of day and night is perceived.
Look, O thou enthralled by Yesterday
and To-morrow,

Behold another world in thine own
heart! 1550

Thou hast sown the seed of darkness
in thy clay,

Thou hast imagined Time as a line :
Thy thought measures length of Time
With the measure of night and day.

Thou mak'st this line a girdle on thine
 1555 infidel waist ;

Thou art an advertiser of falsehood,
 like idols.

Thou wert the Elixir, and thou hast
 become a peck of dust ;

Thou wert born the conscience of Truth,
 and thou hast become a lie !

Art thou a Moslem ? Then cast off
 this girdle !

Be a candle to the feast of the religion
 1560 of the free !

Knowing not the origin of Time,
 Thou art ignorant of everlasting Life.
 How long wilt thou be a thrall of night
 and day ?

Learn the mystery of Time from the
 words " I have a time with God." ¹

Phenomena arise from the march of
 1565 Time,

¹ The Prophet said, " I have a time with God of such sort that neither angel nor prophet is my peer," meaning (if we interpret his words according to the sense of this passage) that he felt himself to be timeless.

Life is a part of the contents of Time's
consciousness.

The cause of Time is not the revolution
of the sun :

Time is everlasting, but the sun does
not last for ever.

Time is joy and sorrow, festival and
fast ;

Time is the secret of moonlight and
sunlight.

1570

Thou hast extended Time, like Space,
And distinguished Yesterday from To-
morrow.

Thou hast fled, like a scent, from thine
own garden ;

Thou hast made thy prison with thine
own hand.

Our Time, which has neither beginning
nor end,

1575

Blossoms from the flower-bed of our
mind.

To know its root quickens the living
with new life :

Its being is more splendid than the
dawn.

Life is of Time, and Time is of Life :

“Do not abuse Time!” was the
1580 command of the Prophet.

Oh, the memory of those days when
Time's sword

Was allied with the strength of our
hands!¹

We sowed the seed of religion in men's
hearts

And unveiled the face of Truth ;

Our nails tore loose the knot of this
1585 world,

Our bowing in prayer gave blessings
to the earth.

From the jar of Truth we made rosy
wine gush forth,

We charged against the ancient taverns.

O thou in whose cup is old wine,

¹ The glorious days when Islam first set out to convert
and conquer the world.

A wine so hot that the glass is well-
nigh turned to water, 1590

Wilt thou in thy pride and arrogance
and self-conceit

Taunt us with our emptiness ?

Our cup, too, hath graced the sym-
posium ;

Our breast hath owned a spirit.

A new age hath been endued with our
beauty 1595

And hath risen from the dust of our
feet.

Our blood hath watered God's harvest,
All worshippers of God are our debtors.

The *takbír* was our gift to the world,¹

Ka'bas were built of our clay. 1600

By means of us God taught the Koran,
From our hand He dispensed His
bounty.

Although crown and signet have passed
from us,

¹ The *takbír* is the cry "*Allah akbar*," "Allah is most great."

Do not look with contempt on our
beggarliness !

1605 In thine eyes we are good for nothing,
Thinking old thoughts, despicable.

We have honour from "There is no
god but Allah,"

We are the preservers of the universe.
Freed from the vexation of to-day and
to-morrow,

We have pledged ourselves to love
1610 One.

We are the conscience hidden in God's
heart,

We are the heirs of Moses and Aaron.
Sun and moon are still bright with our
radiance,

Lightning-flashes still lurk in our cloud.
Our essence is the mirror of the Divine
1615 essence :

The Moslem's being is one of the signs
of God.

XVIII

An invocation.

O THOU that art as the soul in the body
of the universe,

Thou art our soul and thou art ever
fleeing from us.

Thou breathest music into Life's lute ;
Life envies Death when death is for
thy sake.

1620

Once more bring comfort to our sad
hearts,

Once more dwell in our breasts !

Once more let us hear thy call to
honour,

Strengthen our weak love.

We are oft complaining of destiny,

1625

Thou art of great price and we have
naught.

Hide not thy fair face from the empty-
handed !

Sell cheap the love of Salmán and Bilál !¹

Give us the sleepless eye and the
passionate heart,

1630 Give us again the nature of quicksilver !

Show unto us one of thy manifest signs,

That the necks of our enemies may be
bowed !

Make this chaff a mountain crested
with fire,

Burn with our fire all that is not God !

When the people let the clue of Unity

1635 go from their hands,

They fell into a hundred mazes.

We are dispersed like stars in the
world ;

Though of the same family, we are
strange to one another.

¹ Salmán was a Persian, Bilál an Abyssinian. Both had been slaves and were devoted henchmen of the Prophet.

Bind again these scattered leaves,
Revive the law of love ! 1640

Take us back to serve thee as of
old,

Commit thy cause to them that love
thee !

We are travellers : give us devotion as
our goal !

Give us the strong faith of Abraham !
Make us know the meaning of "There
is no god," 1645

Make us acquainted with the mystery
of "except Allah" !

I who burn like a candle for the sake
of others

Teach myself to weep like the candle.
O God ! a tear that is heart-enkindling,
Passionful, wrung forth by pain, peace-
consuming, 1650

May I sow in the garden, and may it
grow into a fire

That washes away the fire-brand from
the tulip's robe !

My heart is with yestereve, my eye is
on to-morrow :

Amidst the company I am alone.

1655 “ Every one fancies he is my friend,
But my secret thoughts have not
escaped from my heart.”

Oh, where in the wide world is my
comrade ?

I am the Bush of Sinai : where is my
Moses ?

I am tyrannous, I have done many a
wrong to myself,

1660 I have nourished a flame in my bosom,
A flame that seized the furniture of
judgement,

And cast fire on the skirt of discretion,
And lessoned with madness the reason,
And burned up the existence of
knowledge :

1665 Its blaze enthrones the sun in the sky,
And lightnings encircle it with adora-
tion for ever.

Mine eye fell to weeping, like dew,

Since I was entrusted with that hidden
fire.

I taught the candle to burn openly,
While I myself burned unseen by the
world's eye. 1670

At last flames breathed from every hair
of me,

Fire dropped from the veins of my
thought :

My nightingale picked up the spark-
grains

And created a fire-tempered song.

Is the breast of this age without a
heart ? 1675

Majnún trembles lest Lailá's howdah
be empty.

It is not easy for the candle to throb
alone :

Ah, is there no moth worthy of me ?

How long shall I wait for one to share
my grief ?

How long must I search for a con-
fidant ? 1680

O Thou whose face lends light to the
moon and the stars,

Withdraw thy fire from my soul!

Take back what Thou hast put in my
breast,

Remove the stabbing radiance from
my mirror,

1685 Or give me one old comrade

To be the mirror of mine all-burning love!

In the sea wave tosses side by side
with wave :

Each hath a partner in its emotion.

In heaven star consorts with star,

And the bright moon lays her head on

1690 the knees of Night.

Morning touches Night's dark side,

And To-day throws itself against

To-morrow.

One river loses its being in another,

A waft of air dies in perfume.

There is dancing in every nook of the

1695 wine-house,

Madman dances with madman.

Howbeit in thine essence Thou art
single,

Thou hast decked out for Thyself a
whole world.

I am as the tulip of the field,

In the midst of a company I am alone. 1700

I beg of Thy grace a sympathising friend,

An adept in the mysteries of my nature,

A friend endowed with madness and
wisdom,

One that knoweth not the phantom of
vain things,

That I may confide my lament to his
soul

1705

And see again my face in his heart.

His image I will mould of mine own
clay,

I will be to him both idol and worshipper.

THE END

